Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

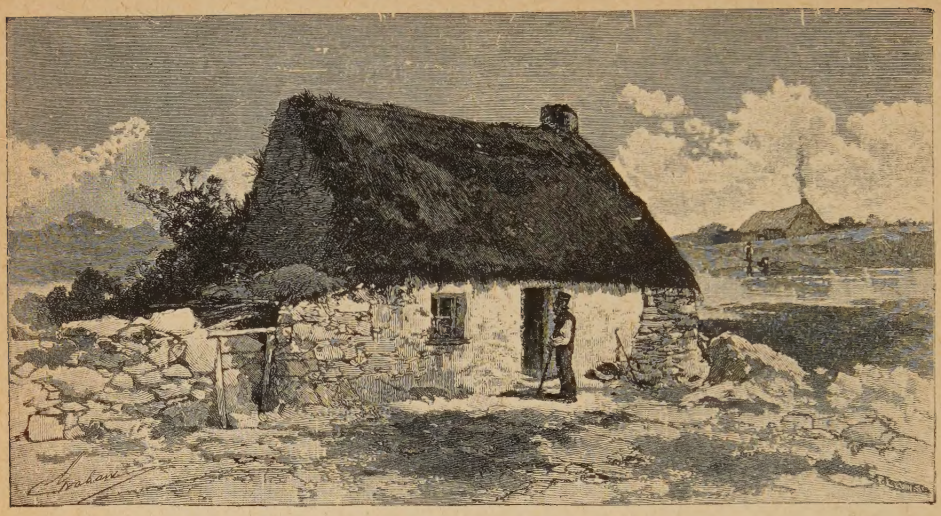
MANY hearts in Canada turn with peculiar fondness to that green isle of the sea, which for centuries has attracted the attention of Christendom for its picturesque beauty, its pathetic history, its political unrest and misfortune. There is much in its past to cause the thrill of patriotic pride. There is much in its sufferings to call forth the tear of sympathy. The home of wit and humour and eloquence, it has also been often the home of suffering and sorrow and poverty. Scourged by famine and by fever, its children have been exiled by thousands from its shore.

In speaking of Ireland one must bear in mind that it contains two races widely different in their characteristics. The Protestant minority are thrifty, industrious, and, on the whole, prosperous and contented. The Roman Catholic majority are restless, turbulent, poverty-stricken, and discontented. Canada and Canadian Methodism owe much to the Protestant emigration from Ireland. It was Barbara Heck, an Irish immigrant, who first brought Methodism to the New World, and to this northern land. And at the present day Canadian Methodism owes many of the brightest ornaments in its pulpit, and many of its most useful and prosperous membership, to the Protestant Methodist population of Ireland transferred to our shores. In this paper we do not propose to discuss the social or political status of the Green Isle, but to present illustrations of its beautiful scenery which shall carry back the thoughts of many of our readers to some of the most picturesque aspects of that lovely land that still haunt their memories with an undying spell.

Ireland is rich in ecclesiastical remains—abbeys, monasteries, and churches; for, in the earlier ages of Christianity in the west, she was indeed the "Isle of Saints." Her schools of theology were famous; to them men resorted from Britain and the Continent, and from them went forth great scholars, to teach and to preach, whose names are still commemorated in France and Switzerland and Germany.

That genial tourist, Mr. B. E. Bull, B.A., thus describes a visit to those loveliest of Irish lakes, the Lakes of Killarney :

"In no part of Ireland will the student in search of the grand and picturesque receive more ample reward than in the south-western portion of the island. Lakes, which in romantic beauty vie with the boasted ones of Switzerland; mountains, that for sublime grandeur might proudly rear their majestic heads in rivalry with Scotia's own 'Ben Lomond'; rivers and rippling streams, whose sylvan charms are as deserving the homage of the poet's pen or the painter's brush as the more favoured banks of the classic Tiber or the grand old



TYPICAL IRISH COTTAGE.

Rhine, continually surprise and enchant the wanderer through these lovely counties.

"But Killarney, the beautiful queen of the southern beauties, sits enthroned in rural verdure, and demands the homage of every pilgrim in search of the sublime and beautiful in nature. That homage would I pay, not by attempting to describe her enchanting loveliness, but merely in offering a devout tribute at her feet in the shape of a brief outline of what I saw, and the impressions I experienced when wandering through her lovely dells, or skimming o'er her placid waters.

"It was raining, of course, when we reached Killarney; in fact, if my memory serves me, it rained every day we were in Ireland. I remember passing some remark in reference to the pluvial state of the weather to a Kilkenny native, who in a rich brogue replied: 'Och, shure, yer honour wouldn't call that rain, it's only parspiration from the mountains.' Killarney proper is a miserable town, noted for its uncleanliness, with a population of about 7,000. Its inhabitants gain rather a precarious livelihood from the thousands of visitors who annually flock to the beautiful lakes. Its streets are extremely dirty and very narrow, sufficiently wide, however, to accommodate the hundreds of youngsters who live, grow fat, and develop into Irish men and women on the public thoroughfare. The houses are chiefly built of small stones, plastered with mud, the majority of them very antiquated, and, of course, all of them most gloriously dirty.

"Here you see the Irishman in all his glory. Poor, so poor that the grim monster Hunger is continually hovering around his doorstep, yet withal happy as a lark—laughing, jovial—his ever ready wit continually boiling over with fun. Superstitious and bigoted, devoutly religious at church, yet swearing, drinking, and carousing whenever an opportunity offers; kind and generous towards his friends, yet vengeful and boiling over with bitter hatred towards his enemies, he presents an anomaly difficult to understand.

"We mounted a jaunting-car, and after a lovely drive, during which we

passed several fine ruins of ancient strongholds, and some beautiful modern country-seats, we reached the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe. We were at once surrounded by about twenty men and boys, mounted on the most dilapidated specimens of horseflesh I have ever had the misfortune to see—each offering the services of the miserable rack of bones he called a horse, to convey us through the pass, and each expatiating loudly on the many excellent qualities of his own Bucephalus, who formerly inhabited the same cottage.

"Through the whole of this pass we were accompanied by about a dozen women and girls, with bare heads and bare feet, who keep us in constant roars of laughter with their sparkling mirth, pungent witticisms, and quick repartees. At length we reach an elevated point on the Purple Mountains, and suddenly there bursts on our enraptured gaze a lovely view of the Upper Lake, and the rich scenery in its neighbour-

MAKING PEAT IN IRELAND.

and holding up those of his rivals to ridicule and contempt.

"In addition to these were girls and women of all ages, many inviting us to partake of a nectar they called 'mountain dew,' being a mixture of goat's milk and whiskey, all begging, blarneying and addressing us in tones cheerful or doleful, as best suited their purpose—that purpose, of course, being to catch a few pennies. Here is the mud and stone hovel of the granddaughter of 'beautiful Kate Kearney, who lived by the lakes of Killarney,' and hood. Beautiful, indeed, is the prospect before us. Rapidly descending a winding path, in a few minutes we are at a ruin called Lord Brandon's Cottage, where we dismiss our horses, thankful that their bones have not collapsed during the journey.

"The Upper Lake of Killarney, on which we now embarked, is two and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad. Its wild grandeur strikes the observer with feelings of awe and admiration. It combines the softer beauties of wood

and water with the stern sublimity of mountain scenery.

"Its mountain cincture imparts a solitary beauty and intensity of interest to be found in neither of the other lakes. Nature here sits in lonely and silent grandeur amidst her primeval mountains. The very solitude and stillness seem to proclaim that here God sits enthroned in the majesty of His own works. Passing Arbutus Island, we enter the Long Range, and come upon the Eagle's Nest—a rugged, cone-shaped mountain, 1,100 feet high, clad on its base with luxuriant verdure, but perfectly bald on its peak. Here the eagles have for centuries built their nests, hence its name. It is remarkable for its echo. A bugler, who always accompanies the parties, sounded a single note; the effect was wonderful—the solitary note rebounded from peak to peak, cliff to cliff, mountain to mountain, and finally died away in the distance with a soft, incomparable melody that challenges language to describe. Then he sounded a succession of notes. Instantly the mountains, like a huge orchestra, pealed forth. The numbers

> "Now louder and yet louder rise,
> And fill with spreading sounds the skies,
> Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
> In broken air trembling the wild music floats,
> Till by degrees remote and small,
> The strains decay and melt away
> In a dying, dying fall.

"About a mile further down, our boatmen ship their oars, and we are shot like an arrow down the rapid current of the stream, under the old Wier Bridge, into the Middle Lake. The Lower Lake is the largest of the three, being five miles long by three broad, and studded with about thirty islands and is noted for the glorious softness of its scenery. The two largest of its islands are Ross and Innisfallen. On the former stands the picturesque ruin called Ross Castle, formerly the stronghold of O'Donoghue, 'The King of the Lakes.' Immediately under the ivy-mantled walls of the castle is the famous echo, 'Paddy Blake,' which, on being asked, 'How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?' at once responds, 'Mighty well, I thank ye.'

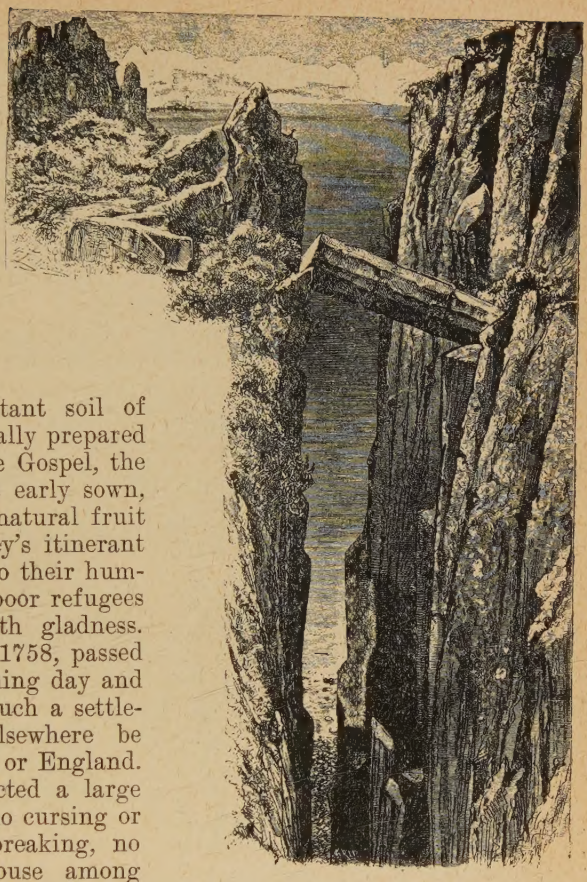
"This castle, in 1652, was garrisoned by Irish troops, and was the last place in Ireland to yield to the forces of Cornwall. As we approached it, we asked our boatman what ruin it was. 'Ross Castle,' said he. 'Oh, that's where Cromwell made things pretty hot for you Irishmen, is it not?' 'He did that,' was the reply, 'but you may depind on it he's payin' up for it *now*.'"

The county of Limerick, traversed by the winding Shannon, is one of the most fertile in Ireland, especially the beautiful region known as "The Golden Vale." The city of Limerick is one of great antiquity and of much historic interest. The Protestant part of the city is thrifty and clean; but just reverse must be said of the Roman Catholic portion. It is situated about eighty miles from the mouth of the Shannon, and has an active foreign and coasting trade. It has two fine cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic, and many of the older houses are in the Flemish style.

In the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale, was the settlement of Palatine refugees, among whom some of Wesley's earliest converts in Ireland took place.

In a contemporary list of these "Irish Palatines" occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described by a historian of their adopted country as frugal and honest, "better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their

houses are remarkably clean, beside which they have a stable, cow-houses, and neat kitchen gardens. The women are very industrious. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, mostly employed on their own farms."



THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

In the good Protestant soil of those hearts, providentially prepared for the reception of the Gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good-living. Wesley's itinerant "helpers" penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor refugees received the Word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England. The Palatines had erected a large chapel. "There was no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house among them. They were a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all their land into a fruitful garden. How will these poor foreigners," he exclaims, "rise up in the Day of Judgment against those that are round about them!"

In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. The family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name, Ruckle Hill, to the place of their residence in Balligarrene. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of piety. She grew to womanhood fair in person, and adorned especially with those spiritual graces which constitute the truest beauty of female character. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers, and formally took upon her the vows of the Lord.

In 1760, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, she was united in Christian wedlock to Paul Heck, who is described as a devout member of the Teutonic community. Ireland then had scarce begun to send forth the swarms of her children who afterward swelled the population of the New World. Only her more adventurous spirits would brave the perils of the stormy deep and of the untried lands beyond the sea. It is, therefore, an indication of the energy of character of those Irish Palatines that about this time a little

CLARE ISLAND, CLEW BAY.

company of them resolved to try their fortunes on the continent of America.

"On a spring morning of 1760," writes one who was familiar with the story, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the Custom House Quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'farewell' for the last time. One of these about to leave—a young man with a thoughtful look and resolute bearing—is evidently leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. He had been one of the first-fruits of his countrymen won to Christ, the leader of the infant Church, and in their humble chapel had often ministered to them the Word of Life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and advice. He enters the vessel, and from its side once more breaks among them the Bread of Life.

"And now the last prayer is offered; they embrace each other, the vessel begins to move. As she recedes, uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest what all felt. And none of all that vast multitude felt more, probably, than that young man. His name was Philip Embury. His party consisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer (remarkable for her personal beauty, and recently married, at the early age of sixteen, to her noble husband), his two brothers and their families, Paul Heck and Barbara his wife, and others. Who among the crowd that saw them leave

could have thought that two of the little band were destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live long as the sun and moon endure? Yet so it was. That vessel contained Philip Embury, the first class-leader and local preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members, the germ from which, in the good providence of God, has sprung the Methodist Church of the United States and Canada, a Church which has now under its influence about seven millions of the germinant mind of the new and teeming hemisphere!"

All along the wild north coast the sea has cleft its way between the rocks, leaving deep fissures which separate the cliffs. One of the most singular of these is on the west of Fair Head, known by the name of "The Gray Man's Path." It is a deep, wild chasm, which strikes one with a feeling of awe almost amounting to horror, dividing the headland sheer down over two hundred feet. Down the side of this chasm is a path, by which, if adventurous enough, you may descend to the base of the cliff. One of those massive basalt pillars, in ages too remote for memory or tradition, fell across to the other side, and rests by a hold so slender that it enhances the frightful character of the place, seeming almost ready to fall down; while, looking up from below, it forms as it were the huge lintel of a giant door-case.

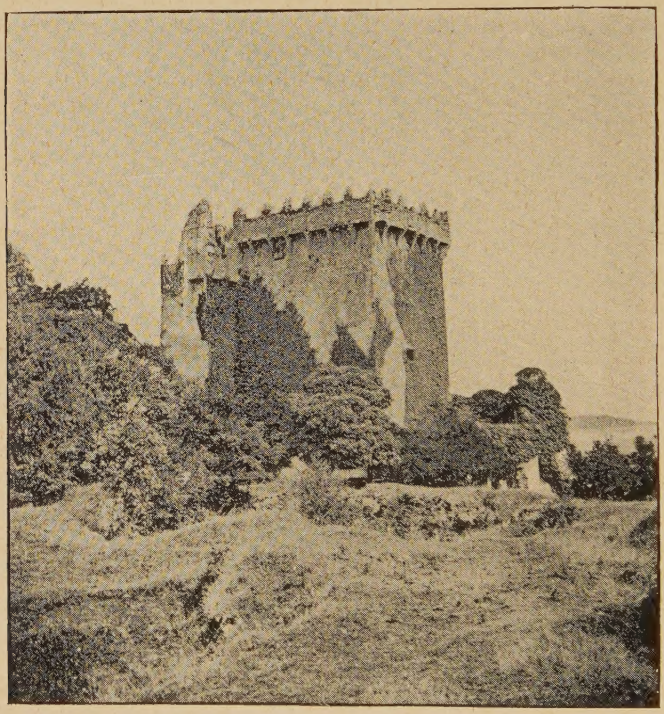
Five miles to the west of the city of Cork, in a valley where two streams meet, is the little village of Blarney with its castle, whose fame is widespread. For high in the north-eastern side of that castle is a stone, and he who is adventurous enough to reach it, and has faith enough to kiss it, will be sure to possess thenceforth a gift of marvellous efficacy. Honeyed words will flow from his lips; persuasive power will hang on his utterances; he will win his way everywhere and with everybody; and, when mankind, and much more womankind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue, they say, "He has kissed the Blarney Stone."

There are two stones which each claim to be the real talisman—one on the north side of the castle, being about two feet square, with the date of 1703; the other, that which records the date of the building, 1446. Any one may kiss the former. To kiss the latter the votary must be let down twenty feet by a pulley and tackle. Try the first. If it works the charm, well; if not, let no amount of "blarney" induce you to attempt the other.

What is the origin of this imputed virtue is lost in the mist of antiquity. There is a legend that a certain lord of Blarney, who was required to show his loyalty by delivering up his castle to the English, always expressed his readiness so to do, but contrived to amuse the Queen's representative by plausible excuses; and so the word blarney came to mean something very like humbug. But Blarney Castle is itself an interesting object. It is on the south of the village, and rises precipitously from a limestone rock. A strong castellated pile, four-square and high, rising one hundred and twenty feet, it is described as "composed of four piles joined together, having walls eighteen feet in thickness." Attached to it is a mansion of more recent date. The whole forms a highly picturesque feature in a district which has many beauties. The stronghold was built in the fifteenth century, as appears on the stone already mentioned.

About midway between Cork and Dublin is the city of Kilkenny, in the heart of the fertile county of that name. It is rich in historic associations. The glory of Kilkenny is its Cathedral of St. Canice. It stands on an eminence, and commands a fine view. There is a steep

ancient street, and its flight of steps, called "St. Canice's Steps," that leads through an archway into the churchyard. Let us go up and look at the church and the round-tower beside it. It was founded in 1202, and affords a good and chaste example of a pure and beautiful period of the early English style of Gothic architecture not surpassed by any cathedral of the kind existing. The



BLARNEY CASTLE.

round-tower is one hundred feet high, and forty-six feet six inches in circumference at the base, and the conical cap has been restored.

Before taking our leave of this beautiful but in large degree discontented and unhappy island, let us look for a moment at its social condition, and the causes and possible cure of its poverty and discontent. One prime factor of the poverty of Ireland, we think, is, without doubt, the Roman Catholic religion, which seems to sap the habits of thrift and industry of any people. Account for it as you will, you can tell when you pass from a Protestant to a Roman Catholic part of the country, by the wretched cabins, the rags, and wretchedness of the villages. What a contrast the wealth and intelligence of Belfast and Londonderry present to the squalor and misery that abound in Cork and Kerry. So also you can tell instantly when you pass from a Protestant to a Catholic canton in Switzerland.

Another cause of the poverty of Ireland is its enormous drink tax. Previous to the great Temperance Reform led by Father Mathew, the yearly home consumption of whiskey in Ireland was 12,248,000 gallons. Through the Temperance Reform,

in six years it was reduced to 6,451,000 gallons, representing an annual saving of over £2,000,000 sterling. Although the revenue fell off in a single year £300,000 from the decreased consumption of liquor, yet it increased £690,000 from other sources—in consequence of the increased thrift and industry of the population. If the dreadful drink-tax of Ireland, of England, of Canada, were but removed, poverty would be but a rare occurrence.

But to be fair, we must include another cause of Irish misery. Fifty years ago John Bright said, "The great cause of Ireland's calamities is that Ireland is idle; therefore she starves. Ireland starves; therefore she rebels. We must choose between industry and anarchy. But the idleness of the people of Ireland is not wholly their own fault; it is for the most part a forced idleness."

That the Irish nature, even in its most untutored type, is amenable to reason, sensible to kindness, and capable of high moral virtues, which by evil influence have often been turned into vices, has plainly been proved. Also, that it is possible to expend capital in Ireland without hopelessly losing it. No doubt the Celtic race is a difficult one to deal with. You must take it by its heart rather than its head, its emotions rather than its self-interest and worldly prudence.

The recent agrarian legislation with respect to Ireland will remove a burden which has long pressed like an incubus upon its prosperity. The cordial reception of the King during his recent visit shows how loyal Irish hearts respond to the touch of kindness, and is an augury of brighter days for dear old Ireland.

THE SEA OF FAITH.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Have you lifted anchor and hoisted sail?
Does your ship stand out to sea?
Have you scoffed at peril and dared the gale
Where the waves and the winds are free?

Is safety a thought that you count disgrace
When duty or danger call?
Would you stand on the deck with a smile on your face,
And perish the first of all?

Is your old sail salt with the frozen foam,
And gray as a sea-gull's wing?
Do you never long for land and home
When the great waves clutch and cling?

O, the Sea of Faith hath storms, God knows;
And the haven is very far,
But he is my brother-in-blood who goes
With his eye on the polar star,

With his hand on the canvas, his foot on the ropes,
His heart beating loud in his breast,
With deathless courage and quenchless hopes
And the old divine unrest!

The swift keels chafe in the Harbour of Doubt;
They were built for the glorious blue,
Where the stout masts bend and the sailors shout,
And the wave-drench'd compass is true!

Then here's my hand, O lad of my heart,
O dauntless spirit and free!
The tide is high! They strain, they start!
The ships of the infinite sea!

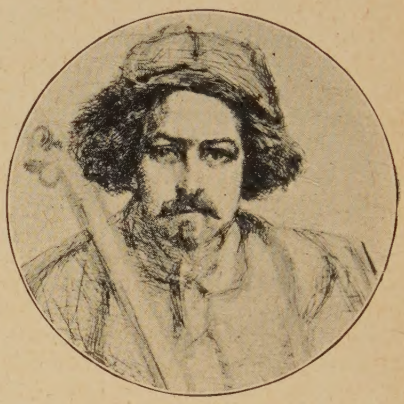
—*Christian Endeavour World.*

AN ECCENTRIC ARTIST.

JAMES ABBOTT M'NEILL WHISTLER.

THE recent death of this distinguished artist * calls attention afresh to his genius and eccentricities. He was born in 1834 in Lowell, Mass., and studied for a time at West Point, but he had no inclination for military life, or his father's profession of engineer, and about 1855 began to study art in Paris. His work, says The Independent, as a painter was so unconventional that it was for years rejected by the Paris Salon and the London Academy, and his daring experiments in colour aroused the opposition of the critics. On account of his caustic wit and erratic personality, he was engaged in numerous contests in law and in print. Despite the opinions of the critics most of his fellow craftsmen considered him the greatest artist in the world at the time of his death. Whether he will rank with the masters of the ages, however, we doubt. He was too erratic.

Mr. Whistler, says The Outlook, believed firmly in his "harmony of colour" idea, scoffed at all realism and what is called story-telling in painting, and undoubtedly took sincere delight in his caustic and witty retorts to scoffing critics. Whatever may be said of his more ambitious paintings, no one would now deny exquisite beauty of a unique order to many of his water-colours, while his etchings are eagerly sought by collectors and rank with with the best work of recent years. The appreciation of his ability came slowly, and



ETCHING BY WHISTLER.

existed in Paris and America before it gained much ground in England. The attack by Ruskin in 1878 led to a libel suit; the trial was a source of immense entertainment to the art-loving public, and to no one more so, probably, than to Whistler himself; the verdict was in Whistler's favour, and the damages were assessed at one farthing! Whistler was wont to describe himself as a past-master in the gentle art of making enemies; but his fierce combats aways had something of the mock-heroic about them; he was humourist enough to laugh at himself as well as others; and it is doubtful whether he really left an enemy behind him.

Whistler, says a recent critic, was possessed of a sharp and biting tongue, and seemed utterly indifferent to the amount of pain his caustic wit might inflict. His mannerisms were so many, and his superficiality so apparent, that few people could believe that beneath this ridiculous and offensive exterior there lay artistic talents of the very first order. And yet such was undoubtedly the case. Whistler might have

* He died suddenly at his residence, Chelsea, London, July 17th, 1903.

THOMAS CARLYLE.
From a painting in the Glasgow Gallery.

been reckoned as an American, were it not for the fact that he regarded the whole nation with such ill-concealed contempt.

Regarded as a man, Whistler was a failure: quarrelsome, conceited, eccentric, one word alone can describe him. He was "impossible." But when we come to regard him as an artist, it is a very different matter. It is, of course, too soon as yet to assign to him his proper position among contemporary artists; or to say in which of the two fields, of painting or etching, he will be accorded the higher rank. Undoubtedly he was a wonderful portrait painter. His portrait of Thomas Carlyle, and that of his mother, some judges do not scruple to describe as being not only the finest portraits of the day, but the finest in existence. Had his claim to high artistic distinction depended on these two works alone, and on his etchings, he would certainly have gone down to posterity as one of the greatest portrait painters and etchers of his time. The unfortunate and strange thing, however, is that it is not by these gems that the artist is best known to the public. But it is with those weird landscapes, Harmonies and Nocturnes (or whatever other fantastic name he was pleased to give them), that his name is indissolubly connected.

Mr. Ruskin expressed his opinion

of the new impressionist master as follows :

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery, in which the ill conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

His etchings and lithographs being more numerous, simple, and always exceedingly beautiful, are far more widely known than his paintings; and have exercised a profound influence on the modern art of illustration. Had he been less eccentric as a man, he would have been far greater as an artist. But now that he is gone, his little peculiarities will soon be forgotten, while all that is true and great in the man will survive. All his works bear the marks of great artistic individuality, and possess a charm peculiarly their own. They will always be regarded with interest as marking a distinct epoch in nineteenth century art.

Everywhere, writes Miss Jolliffe, in Acta Victoriana, his peculiar personality attracted attention. His general aspect is most grotesque. All the eccentricities of genius are developed in this little man of five feet seven. What an odd figure he is indeed; to attract attention he dresses most elaborately, and he has had his reward, for he is invariably followed by a suite of curious small boys. His hair hangs in separate curls, artistically arranged, and dyed jet black in colour, with the exception of one lock, which remains white, and which on very special occasions is tied with a ribbon. His eyes are glistening and peer like a serpent's in the grass, yet his face in repose is strong, masterly, and fine of feature.

Among men, he is the cheeriest, wittiest, and most sanguine of mortals. His laugh is most characteristic. Sir Henry Irving partly imitated it when he appeared as Mephistopheles; but the original is inimitable.

Numerous stories are told of his vanity and self-consciousness, which he delights to exhibit for the pleasure of startling his hearers. A friend wishing to pay him the highest compliment, once said to him: "Mr. Whistler, you and Valasquez are two of the greatest painters." The artist replied: "Why do you drag in Valasquez?" Again, while sailing down the Thames through one of Nature's gardens, a lady remarked to him: "Mr. Whistler, the whole trip is like a series of your superb etchings." "Yes, yes," answered Whistler, "Nature is creeping up."

Whistler's early productions were naturally characteristic of his youth, bespeaking the apprentice rather than the finished artist who was to produce later "The Rialto Steps." Yet even these early landmarks in his career give evidence of qualities which have made the masterpieces of Whistler the wonder of the artistic world. In his early works, "In the Music Room," "The Little White Girl," "The Gold Screen," and others, he substitutes for the conventional face, the variety and unexpected charm of nature and a relentless grasp of personal character. He is everywhere the artist, perfect in colour and detail. None of his external peculiarities appear in his works. He casts aside the outward life and seeks to reveal upon the canvas his ideal of truth and beauty.

The fine enamel of "The Falling Rocket" is perfect in form, exquisite in colouring. It is an instance of that peculiar triumph of execution which consists in the complete absence of all appearance of effort.

How beautiful is the "Nocturne in Blue and Gold—Battersea Bridge," or, "In Blue and Silver —Chelsea," painted in the serenity

WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.

of nature, in the mystery of the blue twilight. The whole soul of the Universe is in it—the whole spirit of beauty.

In portrait painting Whistler is unsurpassed. Perhaps the most famous example of this branch of his work is the portrait of Carlyle, the best presentation existing of that philosopher. The simplicity and repose of figure, the solid modelling of the face, the characterization of the whole, are above praise. But he threw the tenderest light of his genius upon the canvas in the portrait of his revered mother. It is a masterpiece. It was purchased by the French Government in 1891, and hangs to-day in the Luxemburg. Into the exquisite colouring and adroit technique, which nature taught him so skilfully to employ, he flashed the radiance of his very soul burning with love and reverence for her who loved him so well.

Whistler is also well known in the literary world where his criticisms and lectures on art have won him well-merited praise. His brilliant wit, his wisdom salted with paradox, his reason spiced with eccentricity have given him a style and a power peculiarly his own. Yet in all he bears a message to the present generation of students in art and letters. He seeks to show us a higher ideal of art and to lift our souls into a realm of truth and beauty.

Whistler has suffered much adverse criticism. He has stood alone and unaided—nay even opposed; but he has stood firm, and has wrung from the nation and the world an acknowledgment that his place in art is with the great for all time. England of the nineteenth century owes much of whatever enduring fame in painting is destined to be hers to the eccentric Whistler.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY E. M. GRAHAM.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN the hush that followed the soulful organ harmonies of Browning, when the Eolian harp of Tennyson had ceased to vibrate, there fell upon the air a new music, the music of the banjo and the bugle, the trumpet and the drum, the music of Rudyard Kipling—to some a pseudo-melody, which in scorn they likened unto the music of popular concert halls, but to others as irresistible as that of the pied piper, and they yielded to the spell of his magic and followed like the children of old.

And what a following he has! Never has an author during his lifetime been so widely read. As Sir Walter Besant puts it: "The people sit in a world-theatre of which the front seats are at the story-teller's feet, and the farthest twelve thou-

sand miles away. . . . From east and west, north and south, wherever the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes may float, they flock into the vast auditorium to listen spellbound to a single voice, which reaches clear and distinct to the most distant tier, where the white faces look and listen while the story is told." And in this audience are gathered all classes, the college don and the day-labourer, scholarly and illiterate, young and old, for the voice of the story-teller is the voice of the people. No less wide and varied is his range of subjects.

> "For to admire and for to see,
> For to behold this world so wide,"

this is and has been his constant attitude.

But while this cosmopolitan spirit is at home from sea to sea, it is in India that we feel ourselves taken into the very heart of things, that his magic pen dips deep into the tears and laughter of that land of romance and mystery. And what is the secret of the magician's power in this land? The sahib and Tommy Atkins, the coolie and the people of the hill country, is it not because he has lived with these that the strong voice is tremulous with unspoken sympathy? Is it not because, as he writes to this people,—

> "I have eaten your bread and salt,
> I have drunk your water and wine,
> The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
> And the lives that ye led were mine.
>
> "Was there aught that I did not share
> In vigil or toil or ease;
> One joy or woe that I did not know,
> Dear hearts across the seas?"

And this strain of sympathy and brotherhood we find promise of in a little story of the child Kipling.* At the age of five, the little fellow, trudging over the ploughed fields near Bombay, his tiny hand in the giant clasp of a native husbandman, called back to his mother, "Goodbye, this is my brother." This is the key-note, sweet and strong, to the deep sympathy which permeates his portrayal of Hindu life.

And if his world is sometimes a rough world, and if not only matter, but method too, seems at times undignified and abrupt, all that Mr. Kipling asks of us is—

> "Through the broken words and mean,
> May ye see the truth between."

As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the earth, and truth, even in ugliness, is beauty. He does not dress out flimsy ladies and dapper knights to flaunt their little parts behind the footlights of an unreal stage, but in the light of day, under the hard pressure of no imaginary conditions, we have "neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men." Men as in "Soldiers Three," degraded, blasphemous and drunken, "rude figures of a rough-hewn race," but behind all their vices are the real men meeting their fate, living their life, doing their work. Underneath all is the spark of the Divine.

And of the jungle books, what shall we say? Other men have made animals talk, but never did they appeal to us as do "Bagheera,"

* "Celebrities," says an English writer, runs in the Kipling family, and the poet owes much to his early associations. Both his grandfathers were Wesleyan ministers, and one of them had three remarkable daughters, who became, in turn, Lady Burne-Jones, Lady Poynter, wife of the President of the Royal Academy, and the mother of Mr. Kipling.

"Mr. Kipling owes much to the Wesleyan ex-President. While staying in Burslem with his sister, Mr. Macdonald introduced her to a young artist named Lockwood Kipling, and one day at a little place called Rudyard, in the Potteries, the two became engaged. In due time they were married, and the son was born whose name—the name of the little village which figured in his parents' love story—is now known to the world. The boy Kipling thus came under the happiest home influences, coming in frequent contact with such men as Sir Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris."

"Akela," "Baloo," and "The Langurs." We forget, as we read, that we belong to a world of men. Our life is the jungle life, our friends are Mowgli's friends. We listen eagerly to their conversation, their jests, their disputes. In lines of swinging strength are set forth their laws, embodying the greatest wisdom of nations, for they are wiser than humankind in that they know the laws of the life of which they are a part.

"Now these are the Laws of the Jungle,
As old and as true as the sky,
And the wolf that shall keep them shall prosper,
And the wolf that shall break them shall die.
As the creeper that girdles the palm-tree,
The law runneth forward and back,
For the strength of the pack is the strength of the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack."

In the realm of poetry there is the same diversity of opinion with regard to Mr. Kipling's genius as in the domain of prose. Some declare him unhesitatingly the "unchallenged Laureate of Greater Britain," and without any sense of incongruity can use the phrase "from Chaucer to Rudyard Kipling," while others refuse to assign him even the obscurest corner in the Temple of Fame. To these last we can only answer in Mr. Kipling's own trenchant words :

"There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right."

Mr. Kipling has done much to broaden literary taste and to bring poetry into every-day life. Others may seek their material in tropical gardens or star-lit heavens, but from the rough life of the barrack-room comes his prayer :

"It is enough that through Thy Grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

He has appreciation and praise for the "poor benighted heathen," Fuzzy-Wuzzy, and the loyal-hearted Gunga Din; it is his voice that pleads indignantly for the redcoat's place in society, and with his clear-sighted vision he sings with conviction of honour among thieves, and the incident of the border thief and the colonel's son in that most musical "Ballad of East and West" is used to flash forth his doctrine of the essential brotherhood of man :

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

The aim of all these ballads seems to be underneath the degraded exterior to show the touch of human nature, which makes the semi-savage "most remarkable like you."

An undertone of deep seriousness is felt throughout all his portrayal of Hindu life, as he explains to them :

"I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth."

This jesting guise is discarded in his later poems, so aptly designated "The Seven Seas." It is this book that has so deservedly won for him the title of "Poet of the Sea," and the book seems a vast sea-symphony, with orchestral harmonies of wind and wave. Where could we find a more majestic sea-dirge than the "Song of the Dead" ?

"We have fed our seas for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead :
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull :
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full."

But Mr. Kipling is a master of melody in all its variations. From the slow, measured drum-beat of "Soldier, soldier, come from the war"; from the light, imitative harmony in the "Song of the Banjo," he can turn with unerring touch to the deep organ-anthem of "Recessional." From the gay lilt of the ballad, he passes to the stately measure of "The English Flag" with its two so perfectly imitative lines:

"Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon."

Another music sounds in the machinery-clanging chorus of "McAndrew's Hymn," in which the poet of an age of invention and materialism sings the song of steam. The poem has magnificent force and resonance, and the metre ringing out the clanging beats and throbs proves Mr. Kipling a master of versification.

In this poem we see Mr. Kipling as the poet of a materialistic age, but in another aspect we find him even more conspicuously the interpreter of his age. He is the poet of Imperialism, not the imperialism of little England—"a poor, little street-bred people," but the imperialism of Greater Britain, of the colonies, including our own Canada, which he so picturesquely pledges in "The Native-born":

"To the far-flung, fenceless prairie,
Where the quick cloud shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn in the offing
And the line of the new-cut rail.

"To the plough in her league-long furrow,
With the grey lake-gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm, wet western wind."

Of Mr. Kipling's imperialism, glorified with the glory of unselfishness, if we may again quote Sir Walter Besant, he says: "He has brought home to the most parochial of Little Englanders the sense and knowledge of what the British Empire means. What Seeley has taught scholars, Mr. Kipling has taught the multitude. He is the Poet of the Empire, not the Jingo Rhymer, but the poet with the deepest reverence for those who have built up the Empire, the deepest respect for the Empire, the most profound sense of responsibility.

"Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!"

And this same poet it was when the people were shouting themselves hoarse in vainglory, "drunk with sight of power," whose voice is heard in the prayer which must live as one of the greatest moulding forces of British character:

"Lord God of Hosts! be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

And what a lofty ideal of statesmanship is held up for us in "The White Man's Burden." Not by self-seeking, but by self-renunciation will the world be redeemed:

"By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you."

And again we hear: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Closely allied to Mr. Kipling's imperialism is his doctrine of religion. What is his Credo? From his volume, "The Day's Work," we hear ringing out in dogged tones, "What is to be, will be, and it's all in the Day's Work. Let no man, therefore, shirk, neither let him be afraid." There is no religion of outward forms and ceremonies, but yet in its recognition of law and order we have a faith not unlike that of

the ancient Hebrews; and does not his "Hymn Before Action" ring like the voice of a prophet of old leading the people to victory in the name of the Lord of Hosts ?

> "Ere yet we loose the legions—
> Ere yet we draw the blade,
> Jehovah of the Thunders,
> Lord God of Battles, aid !"

A simple creed, which resolves itself into two words, *Courage* and *Toil*. And who are some of the disciples of this religion ? Scott, labouring without ostentation in the famine district throughout the stifling heat of India; the dour Scotch engineer, McAndrew, whose only plea to God is :

> "But I ha' lived and I ha' worked,
> Judge thou if ill or well."

And Bobby Wick, "only a subaltern," but dying silently and uncomplainingly in a cholera camp because of a unconscious loyalty to the principle: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

These are but the natural creations of an author who at times gives us a momentary glimpse of the deep seriousness of his own relationship to that "Master of all Good Workmen."

> "By my own work before the night,
> Great Overseer, I make my prayer."

There are many faults in Kipling's work which we have not touched upon, and others we have passed over but lightly; there are reasons enough and to spare for loving him, and as for the faults we can but hope that some day will see the realization of "the depth and dream of his desire."—*Acta Victoriana.*

NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun !
One mellow smile through the soft, vapoury air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A TYPICAL CANADIAN CAMP-MEETING.*

BY ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.,

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MANY persons have been under the impression that camp-meetings originated with the Methodists, but this is a mistake; they originated with the Presbyterians in the Western States of America, where religious conditions justified extraordinary methods. The Methodist itinerants were not slow to perceive the value of such an agency, and being unhampered by conventional rules of order and decorum, such as prevail in long-established communities, they quickly adopted the camp-meeting as a means of deepening religious interest and reaching a class of persons who could not be reached except by some unusual method.

At the time of which we speak, population was sparse and settlements were few and far between. There were no "centres of population" where the people might gather for social intercourse; in fact, about the only thing that broke the monotony of their daily existence was the flying visits of the Methodist itinerant, who came and preached in wayside cabin or log schoolhouse, and then hurried on to his next appointment.

Among a people so circumstanced the announcement that a camp-meeting, to last for a week, would be held at a certain time and place created quite a flutter of excitement. Preparations would at once begin, and as the time drew near the event was looked forward to with eager anticipation. To some it came as a welcome respite from the toil and sordid cares of their daily life; to others it afforded an opportunity for social intercourse which human nature so strongly craves; while others were attracted solely by the novelty of the occasion and its unknown possibilities of adventure, excitement, or amusement. But there were others who were moved by deeper feelings—godly men and women who found it not easy, in the absence of Christian intercourse and the means of grace, to maintain a steady soul-growth and a daily fellowship with God. These looked forward to the camp-meeting as an opportunity for spiritual quickening that was sorely needed, and also a time when unconverted children and neighbours might be brought into the fold of God.

A spot was usually selected in the wooded portion of the farm of a staunch Methodist, and in a Methodist neighbourhood, near to a good supply of pure water. If a piece of ground could be discovered sloping gently in one direction, so much the better. Some days in advance of the camp-meeting a group of sturdy axemen would put in an appearance, and proceed, under the direction of a senior itinerant, to prepare the ground. The smaller trees and underbrush are carefully removed, and afterward utilized in building a brush fence or stockade around the camp-ground, leaving an opening at one side only, usually in the direction of the nearest highway. Inequalities in the surface of the ground are levelled as much as pos-

* Reprinted from Dr. Sutherland's Fernley Lecture on "Methodism in Canada, Its Work and Its Story." 8vo. Pp. 350. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

sible, and all roots and rubbish cleared away.

Then a "preaching-stand" is erected at the foot of the slope, constructed—both walls and roof—of rough deal boards, and divided into two parts, the front part having a long seat for the preachers and a sloping desk for Bible and hymn-book, the rear part a small room where the preacher, who is to officiate, can retire for meditation and prayer, unless he prefers a dim forest aisle, which is sometimes the case. Large trees are cut down and the stems dragged to the spot to serve as supports for seats. If it be a neighbourhood where lumber is easily obtainable, perhaps a tabernacle of good size is erected, in which services may be held in case of rain. In front of the preachers' stand a long pole is stretched on short supports—a convenient place for penitents to kneel at when the battle is fairly begun and "the slain of the Lord are many." Several waggon-loads of straw are brought from neighbouring farms and strewn liberally over the ground, contributing to cleanliness and affording protection from damp.

Lastly, several light-stands are erected at convenient points. These are constructed of four upright poles, with cross-pieces at the top, on which other poles are laid side by side, making a foundation on which earth is piled to the depth of a foot or more. On this is placed a quantity of fuel—pine roots if possible, as these burn freely and give excellent light.

Preparations, so far as the ground is concerned, may now be regarded as complete. Families in the neighbourhood, and some from adjacent neighbourhoods, have already prepared their rough board or cotton tents, and are in a position to extend hospitality to wayfarers from distant places until these also have their temporary shelters in order. Among the earlier arrivals are the itinerants from various fields, who have come praying for and expecting glorious displays of saving power. On the first day of the meeting the tide fairly sets in, and the people begin to arrive in considerable numbers, some of them from a distance of thirty, fifty, or even a hundred miles. They come in waggons, on horseback, on foot, some in the earlier days even on ox-sleds, bringing such store of provisions, bedding, and cooking utensils as might suffice for their simple wants during the ensuing week. As they meet on the outskirts of the camp-ground tongues are loosed. There are hearty greetings between friends who have not met for years, kind inquiries after children and neighbours, and hopes expressed for a "good time" during the meeting. Then the bustle of preparation goes on, erecting temporary shelters and stowing away food and other supplies.

The noonday meal is quickly dispatched, and not long after a rousing blast from the preachers' stand on a tin horn in the hands of a stalwart itinerant goes echoing through the forest glades, notifying the people that the time has come for the first service to begin. They assemble quickly, for this is a summons that must not be neglected, and the service opens with a stirring Methodist hymn. It is sung to an old-fashioned tune, sometimes in a minor key, but it bears on its wings the pleading of earnest hearts. The object, at this stage of the service, is to quicken the faith and zeal of God's children and draw out their sympathy for the unconverted. Then follows an earnest, heartfelt prayer, to which there are a few timid responses (they will be more frequent and much heartier by and by). Another hymn is sung,

and the preacher takes the stand for the opening sermon or exhortation as the case may be.

The text is brief and pointed, and the sermon equally so. Without preliminary the opening words ring out distinct and clear, "Brethren, pray." "Wilt thou not revive us again?" or the like. No time this for learned exposition, but a splendid opportunity for exhortation, of which the speaker avails himself to the fullest extent. The praying brethren and sisters understand him perfectly. It is a trumpet-call to form the "far flung battle line," for well they know "the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." A prayer-meeting follows, in which earnest though uncultured men and women tell out in homely phrase their longing for a baptism of the Holy Spirit, or plead for the conversion of children and neighbours. The prayer-meeting ended, an intermission follows till the time of the evening service, which resembles that of the afternoon.

On the following day the people assemble in larger numbers and the interest deepens. In the early morning the voice of family devotion is heard in the tents. After breakfast a prayer-meeting is held in front of the stand, and some present themselves as seekers of full salvation. At ten o'clock there is preaching, again at two, and in the evening after the fires are lighted, each sermon followed by a lively exhortation and a prayer-meeting. The number of "seekers" has increased, and among them are some awakened sinners pleading for pardon. But these services are only preliminary skirmishes, preparatory to the decisive battle which is yet to come.

By the end of the week (such meetings usually begin on Wednesday) the few hundreds present on the first day have increased to thousands it may be, and with anxious hearts the preachers and praying helpers survey the multitudes, hoping for a general "breaking down" before the Lord's day dawns. For the first two or three days the tide of battle ebbs and flows, but victory always turns on Israel's side. As the decisive hour draws near interest is intensified. No one can tell when the culminating point will be reached, but come it will. Perhaps it is during an evening service. A multitude is there. Every seat is occupied, and on the outer circle hundreds are standing, most of them careless, unawakened people, some of them scoffers, and some of the rowdy type, it may be, bent on mischief. A chosen band of reliable men patrol the outskirts of the crowd, ready to check the first symptoms of disorder.

On the stand all the preachers are seated, save the brother who is to officiate, and he is in the inner room, prostrate on the floor, his face resting on his open Bible, pleading with God "with groanings which cannot be uttered," for "grace to help in" this "time of need." Fires have been kindled on the light-stands, and the resinous pine-roots send up shoots of flame that light up the whole encampment with a lurid glow and penetrate the gloom of the surrounding forest. What a scene for the pencil of a Rembrandt or the pen of a Dante. Nay, rather what a scene for the pen of inspiration; for these earthly lights and shadows are but tame, neutral tints compared with the stronger lights and shadows which sin and salvation cast athwart the human soul.

But now it is time for the service to begin. A hymn is sung, something to stir the martial ardour of every soldier of the cross, and hundreds of praying hearts respond to the challenge :

"Hark, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.

"Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare!
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!"

Prayer follows, earnest, pleading, tender, and importunate by turns, as if the suppliant would storm the very mercy-seat and compel the blessing he so much desires. A portion of Scripture is read, something which bears upon the theme of the coming discourse, and then another hymn—a hymn of invitation, instinct with the gospel message:

"Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind."

Very plaintive and entreating it sounds, as some tune in a minor key carries the words across the encampment and upward toward the listening stars.

And now the congregation settles down, and with faces turned toward the stand, where the preacher has just arisen to announce his text, await the message that is coming. The theme is in keeping with the circumstances of the hour: "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." There is no display of learning, no graces of artificial oratory, but an intense earnestness that carries conviction to every heart. As the preacher proceeds, his soul kindles with an intense fervour which quickly reacts upon his susceptible audience, and the saints begin to respond with fervent "Amens," or to shout aloud for joy. And then, suddenly it may be, the grace of exhortation descends upon the preacher; the repressed feelings of his soul overleap all barriers, and a torrent of expostulation, warning, entreaty, and appeal beats like a tempest in the faces of the spellbound multitude, who listen as if an angel spake to them.

Pausing for a moment, as though to gather strength for a fresh effort, the silence is broken by the bitter cry by some one whom the Spirit's sword has wounded, quickly answered by another and yet another from different parts of the ground. A wave of deep emotion sweeps over the congregation, for they know the crisis of the battle has come; and the feeling is intensified when some careless onlooker, perhaps a scoffer at holy things, is seized with pungent conviction and falls to the earth with a loud cry as though stricken suddenly in battle. Before the bystanders have recovered from their amazement another and yet another is similarly affected, and in a short time a score, it may be, who up to that time were careless and unconcerned are now prostrate on the ground, some still and silent as if already dead, others convulsed with agony and crying aloud to God for mercy.

During this critical time the preachers have not been idle. Descending swiftly from the stand they make their way through the congregation, exhorting, instructing, praying, and pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. In a short time perhaps half a score of praying circles have been formed around the awakened ones, where parents are praying for their children, wives for their husbands, and neighbour for neighbour. In a church such a scene would be dire confusion: but out in the open air beneath the lofty dome of God's leafy temple, where each Christian heart is intent upon the one thing of leading troubled souls to the source of peace, the confusion is scarcely noticed. Perhaps there comes a lull in the concert of prayer, and a voice is lifted up in song. For the moment Charles Wesley's stately measures are laid aside and feeling finds expression in a homely camp-meeting melody with many repetitions. Such a stanza as

"Venture on Him,
Venture on Him,
Venture on Him just now,"

may be very poor poetry, but it supplies just the direction and encouragement that the penitent seeker needs, and under its inspiration some do venture; they "step on the seeming void, and find the rock beneath." Then the shouts of victory begin to resound. Charles Wesley is recalled, and the woods re-echo the strains of his grand salvation hymn :

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!"

The hours have passed almost unheeded, and there is regret when the service is brought to a close. Many find it hard to leave the sacred spot, and sometimes the midnight hour will pass ere sleep and silence settle down upon the scene.

The Sabbath is in some respects a great day. In the early morning prayer-meetings are going on in many of the tents; at nine o'clock a fellowship-meeting begins, and many joyous testimonies are borne to Christ's saving power. The congregation is largely increased by people from the surrounding neighbourhoods, who come in for the day. Sermons calculated to deepen the impression already made are delivered, followed by exhortation and prayer. And so the time passes until Tuesday or Wednesday, which is not only the last, but is also the great day of the feast. The morning prayer-meetings are unusually tender, for the time of parting is near. At nine o'clock or thereabout the love-feast begins, and for an hour and a half testimonies follow in rapid succession, mingled with strains of triumphant song.

Perhaps there is a short discourse from an experienced preacher—words of counsel and encouragement that will be helpful alike to new convert and mature Christian as they return to their homes to face the toils and temptations of daily life. After this the sacramental bread is broken and the wine is poured, and preachers and people together commemorate, in that leafy temple, the dying love of their Divine Redeemer, and anticipate the day when they shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

But one thing more remains to be done, and this is never omitted. After a short interval the preachers take their places in front of the stand, while the people, starting from the upper part of the ground, pass them in single file, receiving from each a cordial hand-shake and a word of counsel or of prayer. What marvel if every face is bathed in tears; for they have fought and triumphed together, and now they are about to part, some of them to meet no more till they pass beyond the river. But even in this solemn hour faith triumphs over doubt and fear, and they lift their voices in victorious song :

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair!
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are!
Jesus the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite.
And still He keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with Him in white.

"O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below ;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go!
The vineyard of their Lord
Before His labourers lies ;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

"O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end ;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again."

The service is over, and now be-

gins the preparation for departure. Tents are struck, household effects placed in vehicles ready to receive them, and soon the faithful few who have remained to the last are wending their way to their various homes. Meanwhile the itinerants have mounted their horses and turned their faces toward their distant fields of labour. For a few days they have enjoyed sweet communion and have been sitting "in heavenly places in Christ Jesus"; now they go back to solitary journeys, to hardship and privation, to loneliness and poverty; but their hearts are strong in the Lord, and no murmuring thought has place. For a time, perhaps, they ride together; but soon their ways diverge, and each rides forward alone, meditating on the goodness and faithfulness of God and planning fresh campaigns for the truth. Noble and heroic men, may your memories be ever kept green! Meanwhile, to us who linger a few moments by the deserted camp-ground there come, mellowed by distance, the strains of a familiar hymn sung by a group of rejoicing converts as they wend their homeward way. Gradually this also melts into silence. The feast of tabernacles is ended.*

* The foregoing may be accepted as a fairly accurate sketch of a typical camp-meeting in the middle of the nineteenth century.

AUTUMN RAIN.

How drear the autumn rain,
  Fierce from the dun clouds driven—
The old year's latest pain—
  The last great sickness given,
To the stanch heart, that did its prime attain
In days of emerald bloom;
And only yestermorn did breathe, and beam,
In ruddiest, ripest, merriest middle-age.

But now o'er earth and sky, a dusky shroud,
Spreads the broad mantle of the northern blast—
The kine, late-gleaning on the pastures bare,
The wind-stripped willow's scanty shelter seek—
Mysterious sadness o'er the soul is cast
From the gray gloom, by words the wild-winds speak.

THE MECHANICAL CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRISON,

Ex-President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.

MID the many conflicting theories as to the origin of the universe and its wonderful phenomena, the mechanical conception has been more largely adopted, by those who have rejected the teachings of a Biblical theism, than any other recent anti-Christian explanation. To solve the problems which gather around the far-reaching realms of matter and mind, and to lessen the burden of mystery which those problems contain, the endeavours of the ablest investigators have been directed from age to age. Without exaggeration, it may be affirmed that, after half a century of discussion, the best that the mechanical theory has to offer as an explanation of the universe has already been presented in the teachings of its ablest representatives. The demands which that theory makes upon the common intelligence of the race and upon the best instincts and convictions of our mental and moral constitution surpass in magnitude and difficulty all the miraculous interventions recorded in the Biblical revelation, and involve us in contradictions and fallacies which cannot fail to force all healthy reasoning into a fierce and permanent rebellion.

The facts which confront us and demand an explanation are of the most wonderful character, and in extent are almost beyond calculation. The organic world around us and the far-stretching universe, with all their forces, laws, and marks of intelligent design; the human mind, with its rational faculties and moral powers, and the special work to which, by some agency, they have been assigned; the unity of the physical world; the presence and reign of law in all the realms to which human knowledge extends; the correspondences between the instincts of the brute and the outer world from which it draws its sustenance; the moral order of the world; the consciousness of the race, its religious beliefs in spiritual and invisible realities, and the vast influence of these convictions in every past age; the intellectual and moral achievements of mankind; the splendid array of characters distinguished for lofty qualities, in spite of the most unpropitious surroundings; the presence of Christ in the world, His matchless personality, His unmeasured influence upon all subsequent generations, and the grasp of His teachings upon the world of to-day—here are facts which call for explanation. And it must be an explanation that will satisfy the demands of our rational faculties, nor leave us in the bewildering mists of an Atlantic fog, crying out for a solution that will place our hopes upon the rock of everlasting stability.

Whence, then, came all the venerable and wonderful machinery of the universe by which we are surrounded and of which our world forms a part? No wonder that, as Emerson looked upon the immense and infinite handiwork, he exclaimed, in the language of one thrilled with the grandeur of such a spectacle, "I clap my hands in infantine joy and amazement before the first opening to me of all this magnificence, old with the lore and homage of innumerable ages."

How came life upon our globe, with all its variety of manifestation? By what process came force and all the law and order which distinguish the physical and mental worlds, the freedom of choice which constitutes the true basis of moral responsibility and makes human conduct a vital element in the welfare of the race? Whence came our personal consciousness, and all the beliefs which have asserted their imperial power in the history of mankind and have proved themselves the sources of the mightest impulses and organizations in the past and in this most progressive age? It is a noticeable fact that, as the universe is opened up yet more and more, its structure becomes invested with a grander meaning. W. S. Lilly has said, in The Fortnightly Review, that the progress of science multiplies the evidences of design in a most wonderful way. Dr. Dallinger, in his Fernley lecture for 1887, has also said :

> Design, purpose, intention appear, when all the facts of the universe are studied in the light of all our reasoning faculties, to be ineradicable. . . . All the universe, its whole progress in time and space, is one majestic evidence of design, and the will and purpose running through it are incapable of being shut out of our consciousness and reasoning faculties.

But, in responding to the demand for some adequate explanation of the facts already enumerated, what has materialism to offer? Does its solution of the vast order of things around us commend itself as sufficient to account for the results indicated? And, as a working hypothesis, is it adapted for general application and practice? The materialistic philosophy, though marked by various peculiarities, has always been substantially the same. As has been said :

> It has ever regarded the raw eternal matter—the elemental stuff of creation—as the only substance and as the all-sufficient cause of every variety and species of life. It maintains that these various forms of life and the wonderful manifestations in all the departments of human thought are the outcome of forces which exist in unintelligible matter, and that evolution explains and accounts for the whole array of these wonderful facts. Man himself, with all his organs of body and faculties of mind, has been evolved from matter by physical laws or atomic forces working without guiding thought or influence.

Prof. Tyndall has said, "The doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages." Buchner declares that "the human mind is the product of the change of matter." Moleschott says, "Thought is a motion of matter." Carl Vogt has also said, "Just as the liver secretes bile the brain secretes thought." The ground is taken by the leading advocates of materialism that matter is the only real substance in the universe, or, at least, the only substance of which we have any knowledge or about which we can speak with certainty. Huxley says, "I believe that we shall arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat;" and he adds, "Even those manifestations of intelligence and feeling which we rightly name the highest faculties are not excluded from this classification."

We are also assured by the same school that "the soul of man is nothing more than a quality of the brain, and when the brain becomes disorganized by disease and death the soul vanishes into nonentity." The mechanical conception, as expounded by its ablest authorities, professes to explain the universe and its phenomena in terms of matter and motion alone. It thus deifies the mindless forces and operations of nature by making them adequate to

the production and maintenance of the whole procession of wonders that surround us. Whoever, therefore, holds that matter or material force is eternal and originates all mind and mental power is a materialist, and is compelled to accept the conclusions which that theory logically involves. But Dr. Dallinger has well said, "This coarse materialism ignores too much and assumes too much, and treats with manifest disdain the fundamental basis of our reasoning faculties."

Is it possible to accept a system which leaves the far-reaching universe, with its numberless evidences of intelligent purpose, to be explained by physical principles and methods alone, without inciting the indignation of those higher intuitions which distinguish us as intellectual and moral beings? Materialism assumes too much; and it is its unreasonable assumptions that the fallacy and weakness of the whole system lie. It breaks down just where the highest demands of philosophy begin. Is it rational or possible to regard man, the highest product of the universe, as the effect of something itself destitute of mind and consciousness? Can the effect in any case be greater than the originating cause? Hermann Lotze, we are told, is full of scorn for the idea that a power that invested us with personality does not itself possess personality. Carlyle has said, in his life of Frederick the Great, that there was one form of scepticism which the all-doubting Frederick could not endure: "It was flatly inconceivable to him that intellect and moral emotion could have been put into him by an entity that had none of its own."

This inconceivability is an experience of which all are conscious who attempt to make any effect greater than its cause. To credit the wonders of the organic world and the working out of the most marvellous and intelligent adaptations to "natural selection," to the notion of "unconscious ends," to the theory of "conditions of existence," or to "the fortuitous concourse of atoms" is not flattering either to science or to common-sense. To account for "force by matter, for the orderly by the unorderly, for the organic by the unorganic, for life by chemistry and mechanism, for thought, feeling, and volition by molecular motion in the brain and nerves," demands a credence compared with which the claims of Biblical revelation are unimportant. "We cannot," as a leading scientist of to-day has said, "think of any part of the world or universe and prevent the conviction that it has been ultimately caused." James Freeman Clarke has, also, observed, "If the universe has come from a gaseous nebula everything now in the universe must have been potentially present in the nebula, as the oak is potentially present in the acorn." We can only get out of molecular units that which is put into them. There can be no evolution without involution. If we accept the mechanical theory of the world's origin we cannot avoid accepting the absurd conclusion that the effect may be greater than the cause. No amount of intellectual acrobatism or legerdemain can shut off the inexorable demand that in every instance the cause shall be equal, or superior, to the effect. Dr. Lorimer, in his "Isms, Old and New," has said that Locke witnesses to the validity of this position in the following words:

> Whatsoever is first of all things must necessarily contain in it, and actually have, at least all the perfections that can ever after exist; nor can it ever give to another any perfection that it hath not actually in itself, or, at least, in a higher degree; it necessarily follows that the first eternal Being cannot be matter.

Here the materialists are met with

a most formidable difficulty. They are utterly unable to show that whatever is in the effect was first in the cause—that is, in the cause which they assign—and consequently are shut up to the illogical and absurd inference that there is something in the effect which is traceable to no cause whatever. In order to meet this view, materialists have endeavoured to enlarge the original definition of matter, and new qualities have been ascribed to it. As Dr. James Martineau has said:

> Starting as a beggar, with scarce a rag of "property" to cover its bones, it turns up as a prince when large undertakings are wanted, loaded with investments and within an inch of a plenipotentiary. In short, you give it precisely what you require to take from it, and when your definition has made it "pregnant with all the future" there is no wonder if from it all the future might be born.

To submit to such jugglery as this and to accept such new definitions of matter as materialists, by the very narrowness of their theory, are compelled to create, is to abnegate our intelligence and commit a mental suicide for which there is no apology whatever.

If the mechanical conception of the universe is carried out to its conclusion it leaves us with only a system of fatalism utterly antagonistic to that freedom of choice on which alone moral responsibility can rest. Man, with all his faculties, when viewed in the light of the godless system under review is nothing more than the outcome of blind and mindless forces, the splendid product of some hapless chance, the unfortunate victim of the bitterest delusions and of a relentless, iron necessity. There can be neither praise nor blame, because the foundations of an intelligent choice are swept away by the resistless current. Obligation, duty, accountability are simply convenient fancies—generous but misleading dreams—having no more authority than an unbridled and healthy imagination sees fit to create. The disastrous results which would follow the unrestrained application of such teachings are worthy of more general attention than they usually receive. But the best consciousness of the race and the growing influence of deep convictions based on Christian theism will, we believe, neutralize the bold materialism of the age and grapple successfully with the errors which that speculation contains.

The apostles of unbelief may cry out about the "din of ecclesiastical rebuke," "irrational panics," and "theological gladiatorship;" but, when the loudest word has been spoken by these conjurers with atoms and molecules, let us remember that humanity adores no shadow, nor has it in its noblest instances been the deluded slave of some strange hallucination or misleading dream. Man is more than the child of "cosmic sparks;" his reason cannot be accounted for as the "grandchild of suffused fire mist;" he is something better than "wandering sorrow in a world of visions." When Herbert Spencer defines the moral sense as "only the past experience of countless generations commanding what is useful for the tribe," he does not furnish the explanation which the case demands.

With shameless audacity and a vandalism that is barbaric, this materialistic conception of man's higher nature practically ignores the responsible offices of our moral faculties, insults our deepest instincts, denies the immortality of the soul, and leaves us in the darkness of dumb despair. By the same theory the world around us is left to be explained in terms of matter and motion alone; and its splendid aggregations of material and intelligent combinations are nothing more than the final outcome of some strange "haphazard of unintelligent

forces," and the "amazing spectacle of unpurposed accidents." Man's entire constitution, as a reasonable being, must be altered before he will be able to "reduce the infinite creative music of the universe to the monotonous and soulless chatter of an enormous mill swung by the stream of chance—in fact, a mill without a builder or a miller, grinding itself with a perpetual motion."

We are told by those who proclaim this "gospel of the flesh," and who apparently delight in the glorification of unconscious and senseless atoms, that they are the "squatters of an advancing civilization." But, as Professor Christlieb has justly said, they are its grave-diggers; and we see them swaggering as the heralds of freedom, when in fact they are the apostles of the most brutal tyranny and the most destructive teachings that have assailed the crown rights of humanity since the world began.

It would be easy to show, by quotations from prominent writers whose teachings have been a perpetual encouragement to the theory of the mechanical conception of the world, that they themselves refuse to be classed as materialists. It is significant that Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall, after having in various ways committed themselves to the theory under review, object to the logical issues which it involves, and make their ultimate appeal to a power that is "inscrutable," "unknown," and "unknowable."

In conclusion, the best thought of the age is solidly against the materialistic philosophy; and with increasing emphasis that thought is pushing to the most pitiable straits the leaders who have championed the godless hypothesis we have been reviewing. Professor Tholuck is reported to have said, "If a man is a materialist we Germans think he is not educated." Joseph Cook, in his Boston lectures on biology, is responsible for the statement that "there is not in Germany to-day, except Haeckel, a single professor of real eminence who teaches philosophical materialism." Dr. J. H. Gladstone has said that out of thirty-five leading scientists who had given a dinner to Professor Tyndall, only three or four were on the side of scepticism; and that, looking over another list of those most eminent in science in England, nine of the first ten names were men of unquestionably religious character. The late presidents of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Royal Society, of London, and the French Academy were Christian men.

Among the believers in Christian theism in the world of science have been Newton, Herschel, Descartes, Pascal, Leibnitz, Linnæus, Cuvier, Davy, Liebig, Ampere, Faraday, Owen, Agassiz, Brewster, Clerk-Maxwell, Thomson, Tait, Dawson, Stokes, Beale, Pasteur, Flourens, Olney, Cayley, Lord Rayleigh, Dumas, Wurtz, Dallinger, and Lord Kelvin. Dr. Gladstone, himself an eminent scientist, said "It is difficult for me to remember a single man of the first rank in science who is opposed to Christianity, unless that charge can be truthfully brought against my friend Professor Huxley."

Professor Max Muller, in The Nineteenth Century, ably gave his reasons for refusing to be classed as an agnostic. And Lord Salisbury, in his presidential address at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, replied in strong and conclusive language to Weismann's paper published a few months before, in which this prominent disciple of Darwin championed the theory of natural selection as "the only possible explanation we can conceive." In answer to this statement Lord Salisbury said:

It seems strange that a philosopher of

Professor Weismann's penetration should accept as established a hypothetical process, the truth of which he admits that he cannot demonstrate in detail and the operation of which he cannot even imagine . . . I quite accept the Professor's *dictum*, that if natural selection is rejected we have no resource but to fall back on the mediate or the immediate agency of a principle of design. . . I would rather lean to the conviction that the multiplying difficulties of the mechanical theory are weakening the influence it once acquired. I prefer to shelter myself in this matter behind the judgment of the greatest living master of natural science among us, Lord Kelvin, and to quote as my concluding words the striking language with which he closed his address from this chair more than twenty years ago. "I have always felt," he said, "that the hypothesis of natural selection does not contain the true theory of evolution, if evolution there has been in biology. . . I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living things depend on one everlasting Creator and Ruler."

The conclusion of John Addington Symonds, in his article on the "Progress of Thought in our Time," in a recent Fortnightly Review, is undoubtedly correct, that "the main fact in the intellectual development of the last half-century is the restoration of spirituality to our thoughts about the universe." Says Fisher, in his "Idea of God":

> From age to age men wrangle with their eyes turned away from the light, the world goes on to larger knowledge in spite of them, and does not lose its faith for all the darkeners of counsel may say. As in the roaring loom of time the endless web of events is woven, each strand shall make more and more visible the living garment of God.

Professor Bowne has truly remarked in his "Philosophy of Theism," that "the atheistic gust of recent years has about blown over, atheism is dead as a philosophy, and remains chiefly as a disposition. The critic must allow that the theistic outlook was never more encouraging." Seeking "the rational foundation of the theistic idea in the theistic consciousness of the race," he finds it in "the demand of our entire nature, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious;" and he proceeds to show that, "without a theistic faith, we must stand as dumb and helpless before the deeper questions of thought and life as a Papuan or Patagonian before an eclipse."

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

There is a centre 'mid the volleying thunders
Where silence doth obtain;
There is a depth of ocean where the waters
Ever unmoved remain;
There are aerial heights wherein no vapour
Of cloud can e'er be seen;
There's an expanse o'erspreads the dome of darkness,
Where night hath never been.

So to the child of God, amid life's tumult,
Cometh a hush most sweet;
So in affliction's depths he finds a calmness
Of rest at Jesus' feet;
Thence to an altitude of faith he rises
Where there no doubt can live.
And soars through sorrow's shades to joy unbounded—
The joy Christ's love doth give.

Toronto.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE British House of Commons has been described as the foremost debating assembly in the world. It is a great Areopagus, a council of the nations. Its decisions affect one-fourth of the population of the world—far more than those affected by any other assembly on the face of the earth. The story of the House of Commons is that of the growth of responsible government. Upon it are modelled the free institutions of the English-speaking states and territories the wide world over.

The New Palace of Westminster, where the great council of the nation is royally housed, is probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world, and in its symmetry and composition no less than in its imposing proportions, is a not unworthy home of the Mother-Parliament of the world. Covering an area of nearly nine acres, it presents to the Thames a frontage of almost one thousand feet, and contains between five hundred and six hundred distinct apartments, with two miles of corridors. One of the finest features of the pile is the Victoria Tower—the loftiest and largest square tower in the world, being seventy-five feet square, and having a height of three hundred and thirty-six feet to the top of the pinnacle. Small as it may look from below, the flagstaff at the top is one hundred and ten feet high, and at the base three feet in diameter, and the flag which it on occasions flaunts is sixty feet by forty-five feet. The Clock Tower, at the other end of the building, three hundred and twenty feet high, is famous both for its associations with unruly members and for its four-faced clock, the largest in England. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the minute-hand measures sixteen feet, and its point every hour completes a circle seventy-two feet in circumference.

The architecture of this sumptuous pile is the finest civil Gothic structure in the world, a little overladen with ornament, perhaps, and already crumbling beneath the gnawing tooth of the *Edax rerum*, but grander than aught else I ever saw. Parliament had risen, so I could only see the empty seats of the great athletes who fight the battles of the Titans in the grandest deliberative assembly in the world.

The Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, thus describes a visit to this historic assembly:

The House of Commons is a difficult place to get into. While it is the great council of the nation, and the controlling factor in the government of a great empire, and while its deliberations command the greatest interest of the British people and the closest attention of the whole civilized world, it is not as accessible to the people as the Congress at Washington, where every citizen of the whole country is at liberty to walk into certain galleries, hear what his rulers are saying and see what they are doing. The same freedom exists in regard to the House of Commons at Ottawa, and the Provincial Legislatures. But the British Houses of Parliament are guarded with jealous care, and when the Commons are sitting you work your way to the galleries with difficulty. Policemen stand at the gates which open from the street at the iron railings.

BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

When you have passed these, more policemen guard the outer door leading to the Chamber, then at the outer corridor, or lobby, they are in full force, and it will go hard with you if you are not able to announce that you wish to see a member and produce your card for that purpose, or present a ticket for one of the galleries. No one can enter any gallery without a special written pass from the sergeant-at-arms, and even these can be obtained with difficulty. These restrictions are necessary, as I will point out.

The Parliament Buildings are very large and beautiful, but the thing which strikes a stranger on his first visit is that the Chamber itself, where the mighty business of the nation is done, is a small and far from imposing room. It is said to be the same size as the House of Commons of Canada, but it does not look it. It is not nearly as handsome. Its finishings are of wood. It is not nearly so well lighted as the Chamber at Ottawa, and it presents an appearance of being gloomy and confined. At Ottawa 215 members have full seating room, each with a desk; at Westminster 670 members have to find accommodation in a Chamber into which it would be impossible to stow 400 members if packed as closely as sardines in a box. A man spends time, labour, and money to get a seat in the House of Commons, and when he gets there he finds there is no seat for him. When a great question is before the House, and a great division is to take place at which six hundred members are to vote, all over three hundred and eighty have to crowd themselves into the galleries or stand about in the ante-rooms waiting for a chance to vote when the division finally comes. And even the galleries are limited in space. At

Ottawa I should imagine that eight hundred or one thousand persons could be seated. At Westminster I should think it would be difficult for four hundred persons to be stowed.

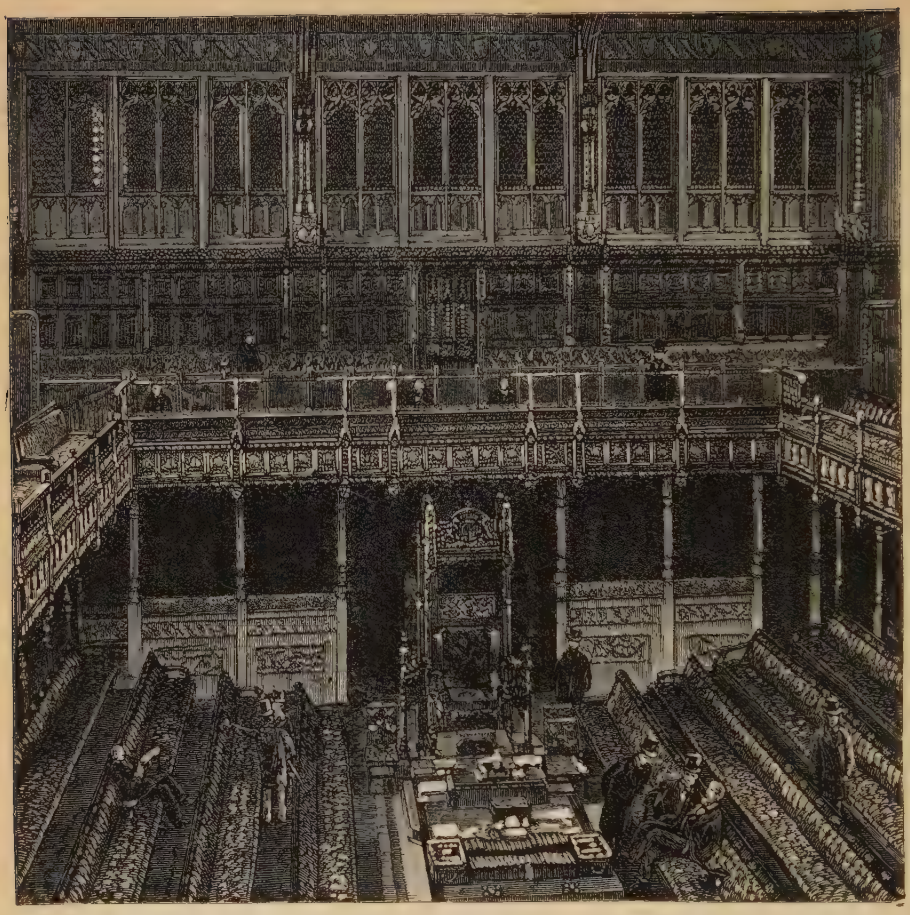
If, therefore, every member of the House took it into his head to get a ticket for a friend on any given day, it is quite manifest that hopeless confusion would ensue, unless the Speaker or sergeant-at-arms intervened to stop the issue of permits. Hence it is so difficult to get seats in the gallery that most persons dread making the attempt, and in consequence the number of visitors is really very small.

Still, notwithstanding the disappointing proportions of the Chamber, and the ill arrangements of the galleries, I could not avoid emotions of thrilling interest when I found myself for the first time looking down upon a body which had an unbroken history of glory for several hundreds of years; which had achieved the principle of popular liberty for the whole English-speaking race, and aided its growth throughout the whole civilized world; which had guided the destinies of a nation whose expanding influence now permeates the world, and which at this moment practically shapes the policy of not only one great empire, but a score of budding nations, which in less than a century will have outgrown and overshadowed many of the first powers of Europe.

Who could fail to recall the splendid achievements of John Hampden, John Eliot, Sir Harry Vane, Walpole, Peel, the Pitts, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Palmerston, Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, and last, and perhaps greatest of all—Gladstone? That the Commons of England might uphold the liberties of the English people against the tyrannous usurpation of king or nobles, John Eliot was willing to go to a dungeon and languish and die there. His heroic courage in facing death in a lonely cell rather than yield the right of free speech has contributed more to the growth of the popular cause than even the eloquence of his living tongue. Great nations all get their greatness from the moral stamina of the people who compose them. That nation only is great which has heroes and martyrs on the roll of its illustrious dead.

The Speaker takes the chair a few minutes past three on Fridays, and prayers and the reading of the journal follow with closed doors, and with scarcely any members present. Then the galleries are opened, and I went in at this moment. I do not think that outside of the newspaper reporters there were over thirty persons in the gallery at any time during the day. A lull of a few minutes occurs after the opening of the galleries. The bigwigs have not yet entered the House. They presently begin to arrive. Members of the Cabinet drop in casually from the entrance behind the Speaker's chair, and take their places on what is called the Treasury Bench. It is a law, which custom and usage have made supreme, that the members of the outgoing administration and the recognized leaders of the Opposition shall sit on the front bench above the gangway.

No member has any seat in the sense in which such a term is understood at Washingington or at Ottawa. By courtesy a member can engage his seat for the day by simply pinning his card or placing his hat upon it. It has the same effect as placing a portmanteau upon the seat in a railway car. But it is only on special and comparatively rare occasions that such precautions are necessary, for the average daily attendance is not large, and the members not out of town spend most of their



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

time in the smoking-room, on the terrace, or talking to friends in the lobby.

The first order of the day is "Questions." It has come to be the heaven-born right of all the members of the House to pepper the Government with questions before settling down to the work of the day. This is a cheap and favourite method for members of small calibre to get a little cheap notice in the country. The instant anything occurs which occupies any considerable space in the public eye, there is a rush among those sitting on the back benches to get the eyes of the world upon them by asking a question about it. On the day of my visit there were thirty-four questions on the printed order paper, all of which were asked, and all answered in the fullest, frankest, and most courteous manner. The answering of those thirty-four questions did not consume as many minutes.

Several army officers thought it a fitting occasion for them to make some remarks, and they did it in as dull and prosy a manner as an English army officer can achieve, and were rewarded by having nearly everybody straggle out of the House.

There is no actual magic about the

British House of Commons. It has its quota of clever men and a large number of very ordinary ones. It has produced a long line of eminent men whose patriotism has ennobled the country, and whose eloquence has enriched literature. It has never failed to command the best talent of the nation, and it has entrusted to its guardianship and care the destiny of a great empire whose interests reach all over the globe. It has its dull days and its scenes of excitement, but no one who has interest in the great things of this world can ever enter its portals without emotion, or look from its galleries without feeling at least a ripple of sentiment when he thinks of what it has been, what it is, and what it may become.

It is befitting, says an English writer, that the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe should stand as an example of courtesy and decorous conduct. In no legislative chamber in the world is there probably more good breeding and consideration shown than in the two Houses of Parliament at Westminster. If rancorous and bitter speeches now and again find utterance, they merely serve to emphasize the excellent tone which usually prevails.

So regardful has Parliament become of its dignity, that to the statutory regulations have been added others which find the stimulus to observance in an instinctive sense of propriety. For instance, there was an unrecorded rule of the very near past which prescribed the wearing of the orthodox black frock-coat and tall silk hat, and he was a very bold man who would venture to traverse that custom. But what is the case to-day? The wearers of the "bowler" hat reach double figures. Mr. Edward Blake favours the expansive wide-awake. Mr. Courtney, learned and impressive, displays a yellow or buff waistcoat without provoking a comment. In details of this description Parliament has grown distinctly democratic. It has, however, remained rigid and immovable in matters regulating conduct.

There is an education in the use of the hat awaiting every new legislator. Accustomed to the ordinary practice of wearing his hat when standing and removing it when seated, he now discovers the contrary rule is to guide him. He may, if he chooses, sit covered; and the exercise of this discretion, resulting in an indiscriminate mixture of covered and hatless heads, gives an aspect of unconventionality to the assembly little harmonizing with its importance. In one set of circumstances only may a member speak with his hat on. That is when he desires to put a question on a point of order after the Speaker has submitted a motion prior to a division. Many are the occasions on which a member, forgetting this rule, has suddenly found his head encased by a friendly hand in a hat belonging to another that crowned him in ridicule. Mr. Gladstone was once the victim of absent-mindedness in this respect. The massive and venerable head was surmounted by a hat picked up hap-hazard, and so small as barely to cover the crown—a picture which convulsed the House.

The deference due to the chair is, very rightly, observed with unswerving strictness. Every member on entering or leaving the Chamber must bow to the Speaker. Should he neglect to do so a storm of reminders will assuredly assail him; or, if he crosses the House from one side to the other, the same act of obeisance is required from him. When a member is speaking, it is an act of discourtesy to pass between him and the Speaker, unless he sit on the third or a higher bench from the floor.

When the Commons are summoned to the Lords to hear the King's speech read or the Royal assent given to bills, the practice is for the sergeant-at-arms to remove

THE TREASURY BENCH.

the mace from the table, and, bearing it on his shoulder, head the procession to the Upper Chamber, the Speaker coming immediately behind him. Should an excited member come between the Speaker and the mace, his flagrant act of indiscretion would bring upon him an avalanche of complaint and condign admonition subsequently. Under no circumstances may a member occupy the hallowed sphere between the Speaker and the "gilded bauble." The only persons privileged to do that are the three clerks of the House, whose seats are placed between the Speaker and the symbol of authority. In the House of Lords there is a similar rule constituting it irregular to pass between the woolsack, on which the Lord Chancellor sits, and the table, or between the woolsack and any peer who is speaking.

There is to be no reading of books or newspapers for mere pleasure on the floor of the House; nor may a member read his speech. He may, however, make use of notes, and sometimes these are so copious as to bring him dangerously near breaking the rules.

The order in which speakers are to follow each other is left entirely to the discretion of the Speaker, except where pre-arrangement is made for a speech from either of the Front Benches. The general rule followed is to call a speaker from each side of the House alternately, preference being given to those who are known to have special interest in the subject under debate. To "speak plain and to the purpose" is the golden rule advised, but not always followed. The man prone to repeat his arguments is liable to be summarily stopped. No member must be referred to by name. Not "Mr. Smith," or "Mr. Jones," but "the honourable member for York," or "my noble friend, the member for Dublin," is the approved formulary. A member can only speak once in a debate, except to correct a misstatement. But when the House is in committee there is no limit to the number of

speeches which one man may make. Any allusion to debates of the same session is out of order, except where absolutely justified—and the Speaker decides the point—and a member must not reflect upon any previous decision of the House unless he intends to propose the rescinding of that decision. If a member refuses to withdraw and apologise for insulting words, he is handed over to the sergeant-at-arms, and detained in custody until he has given an assurance that he will not engage in further hostile proceedings. The same fate may also await the aggrieved party who declines to accept an apology or refuses to express his satisfaction with the withdrawal. Happily such episodes are much less frequent now than when duelling was such a prominent phase of political controversies.

Gentlemanly conduct is as desirable in the listening as in the speaking member. To sit patient and silent under a bitter taunt is a qualification that very few parliamentarians possess. Still, "the thunder of white silence" is a much more common way now than in the old days of answering invective or signifying dissent. Those who have only read and never listened to a parliamentary debate may have a very crude idea of what has actually taken place. "The "cheers" which so freely dot the newspaper account are not always the sounds that thrill and stir the blood. A roll of emphatic "Hear, hear's" is a cheer within the meaning of parliamentary procedure, and as such it appears in the reports. It answers for the reverberating shout of the mass-meeting. The word has not yet been struck that describes the genuine, enthusiastic cry raised at St. Stephen's when a master-mind touches the chords of sympathy.

A member may be called to order for infringing any of the rules, and if he refuses to withdraw, the Speaker may order him to be suspended for the remainder of that day's sitting. For a second offence he may be suspended for a week, for the third offence the restraint lasts a fortnight, and for subsequent offences for a month. In each case the member is prohibited from entering the precincts of the House while the suspension lasts. Recalcitrant members receive their sentences in various moods. The mere intimation is generally sufficient to ensure a quiet, sometimes dramatic departure. If, however, the order is disobeyed, the be-sworded sergeant-at-arms is instructed to take the matter into his hands, and, summoning a couple of his myrmidons, the trio approach their victim, lay gentle hands upon him, and persuade rather force him to leave. Even in this distressing matter the gentlemanliness of the House never deserts it.

It is now a most rare procedure to commit a person—member or stranger—to the Clock Tower, but many cases have occurred, and perhaps the one best remembered by the present generation is that of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. The committal is "during the pleasure of the House," but it may be terminated by a prorogation. A prisoner can present a petition praying for his release, and expressing contrition for his offence, or a motion may be made in the House for his discharge. A former practice of requiring a prisoner to receive the judgment of the House kneeling at the Bar has been done away with, as a consequence of a Mr. Murray refusing to kneel in the year 1750. The latest instance of a person being brought to the Bar was in the session of 1897, when Mr. John Kirkwood, a notorious money-lender, was required to occupy that undignified position for refusing to answer questions when a witness before the Select Committee on money-lending.

THE KESWICK MOVEMENT.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT—APPROACHING KESWICK.

T seems sometimes as though beauty in nature begets a corresponding beauty in the lives and characters of men. Skiddaw, Derwentwater, and all the charms of Keswick's Vale—how intimately they seem interwoven with the minds and productions of the poets of the Lake School.

The view from Castlehead, in Keswick, Ruskin considered one of the four finest in all Europe. And here in this beautiful district not only was some of our noblest poetry penned, but here during the last week of July each year there comes together a great host of believers seeking a higher and holier life. It is estimated that now nearly ten thousand people attend the annual Keswick Convention, among them many representatives from foreign countries. Nor is it in Keswick only that these meetings are held. The Keswick Convention has become the mother of numerous others springing up in various parts of Great Britain and the Continent, and even on this side the sea.

It is interesting to look into the origin of this great Pentecostal movement. Like many a great issue it had its beginning in small things, and its originators little knew how great a work they wrought. In the year 1873 small meetings were held in connection with the mid-day prayer-meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association. The few attending these meetings sought a full deliverance from sin, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit for service. There were many instances of marked and immediate blessing. Similar meetings followed in Dublin, Manchester, Nottingham, and

other places. The student world at Cambridge felt the influence of the movement and sought to know more of the possibilities of spiritual life. During their vacation the owner of Broadlands Park devoted his house and grounds to their service, and for six days his guests enjoyed a wonderful spiritual unlift.

Seven o'clock in the morning was not too early for meetings, nor eleven o'clock at night too late. It was hard to break up even at meal times. Spiritual themes were ever the uppermost subject of conversation, and many then present recall those days as the sweetest communion with Christ they ever knew. This was followed by awakenings at Oxford and Brighton. The two objects that underlay these meetings were enlargement of soul in sanctity and enduement for power in service. It was at the Brighton Convention that Canon Battersby, vicar of St. John's, Keswick, planned the first Keswick Convention for July of the following year, little dreaming how great would be the harvest of his sowing.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT—KESWICK TENT.

In the plan of that first convention was the shaping of the whole movement. The aim was not to gather the great preachers and orators of the world. Nor was it to be a great holiday-ground where one might enjoy intellectual feasts in the midst of natural beauty. Not eloquence, not power, not learning, not star sermons, nor brilliant efforts; these were not to be the aims of Keswick. The men who are called to speak there are men who are "willing to be nothing and let God speak through them." The one object is to get down low before the Lord and in the stillness wait upon Him.

Nor is it a place where the emotions run riot. Faith is never confused with feeling. There is no undue excitement, no straining after novelty. Indeed, though Keswick is progressive, there is nothing new in its teaching. It is all a restatement of the old. Dr. Pierson says: "Keswick, to a very unusual degree, stands for simple and effective Gospel preaching, and nothing else." It aims to bring religion down from the realm of mysticism and put it into every-day practice, to make the

Christ-life the actual, every-day life of Christians.

As to the question of doubtful amusements, it is seldom directly mentioned at Keswick. They deal with general principles rather than with specific practices. Yet it is a noticeable fact that those who attend these gatherings and accept Keswick teaching voluntarily, lay aside those things that have a doubtful tendency.

There is no cast-iron method as to carrying on these conventions. There are usually forty or fifty speakers more or less prominent. Two large tents are in daily use, with several less capacious meeting-places. The speakers are chosen because of their personal experience of that whereof they speak. Ecclesiastical positions count as nothing, unless one has tasted personally the fulness of blessing.

The barriers of denominationalism are utterly broken down in this gathering, where Churchmen and Dissenters come alike to the same Father for the same blessing. There is probably no other gathering of such a distinctly Apostolic character on the earth to-day.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Another feature of the movement is its self-propagation. It has nine of its own missionaries in the field.

The "Keswick Library" includes some of the richest contributions to devotional literature. The weekly journal, The Life of Faith, has a widespread circulation. Looking at the phenomenal growth this work has made in a single quarter of a century, we cannot as yet foretell what will be its outcome.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes,
And pure of heart and hand.

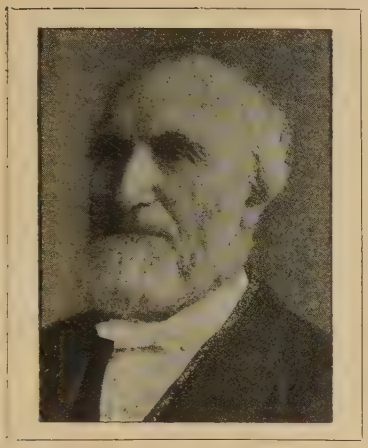
So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hillsides doing good,
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet,
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer of Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

—*James A. Greig.*

CHARLES SANGSTER.

BY THE LATE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.



THE LATE DR. DEWART.

THE poets of a country rarely receive from the general public the recognition they deserve. A due appreciation of their rank, for the most part, comes late, and is confined to the few whom natural gifts and education have made susceptible to the influence of songs that "have power to quiet the restless pulse of care."

Too many fail to recognize the inspiring and refining power of poetry, and regard it as the idle dreamings of the imagination when loosed from the control of the reason. And yet, it would be easy to show how in most countries the national poets have strengthened the ties of patriotic unity, and stirred the hearts of the people to deeds of manly daring. The poetry of a country indicates, with tolerable accuracy, its place in the scale of intellectual culture and refinement.

But the true poet does much more than rouse patriotic sentiment by martial strains.

> "A Priest, by Heaven ordained,
> The Poet seer at Nature's altar stands
> To voice the reverent worship of his race;
> To coin in human language golden thoughts
> Bodied in matter's hieroglyphic forms,
> And sing the joys and griefs, the hopes and fears,
> Which thousands dumbly feel but cannot speak."

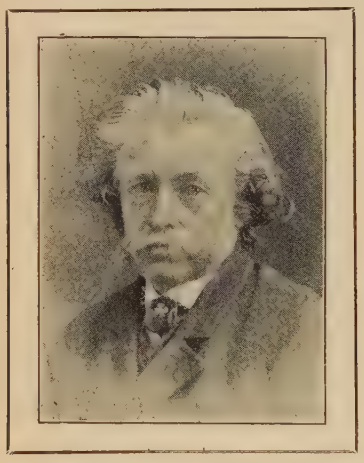
Whatever good things may be deservedly said of the younger Canadian poets, the people should not forget the pioneer bards of a past generation, who gave poetic utterance to the sentiment of a loyal patriotism, and made many Canadian scenes for ever sacred by embalming them in descriptive verse. In this class Charles Sangster occupies a prominent place, and deserves the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

As long ago as 1864 the writer of this article wrote and published in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," the following estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry:

"We are disposed to think that any just estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry will assign him the first place among Canadian poets. Others may have written as well and as sweetly on some themes as he could have done; but no one has contributed so largely to enrich Canadian poetry. No one has attempted so much. No one has displayed equal freshness and variety of imagery in the treatment of national themes. Indeed, in the variety of subjects selected from the scenery, seasons, and past history of this country, and in the success and originality with which he has treated them, he has no competitor whatever. His genius is more truly

Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this province.

"Mr. Sangster, while cherishing a loyal attachment to the mother-land, gives Canada the chief place in his heart. Her mighty lakes and rivers—her forests and hills and broad prairies—her history, religion, and laws—her homes and liberties—her brave sons and fair daughters—are all objects of his most ardent affection, graven alike upon the pages of his poetry and upon the tablets of his heart. The most prominent characteristics of his genius are, a wonderful fertility of



SANGSTER IN MIDDLE LIFE.

thought, which enables him to pour forth images and forms of expression with lavish prodigality; an intense sympathy with nature in all her varied moods and forms; and that peculiar freshness and originality of language that is the sure distinction of those to whom belong 'the vision and the faculty divine.' Occasionally, too, we catch glimpses of a philosophic spirit, capable of grappling with the deep problems of the world of mind."

Since this was written, a new generation of Canadian poets has arisen to enrich our native literature. They have given us many poems, marked by subtle thinking and rare descriptive power. They reveal the culture of our times in the deep inwoven harmonies of their verse. Yet they do not render this estimate obsolete or untrue. In some important respects, Sangster is still the most representative of our Canadian bards. It is not merely that his themes are Canadian, he lived in an atmosphere of Canadian sentiment, and everything he wrote is permeated with the free spirit of the "grand old woods" and broad lakes of his country. Even the want of familiarity with the classical literature of the ancients, while it narrowed the range of his thoughts, and deprived him of important advantages, made him more intensely the poet of the land and times in which his lot was cast. For this reason, I am sorry that his countrymen do not know more about the man and the productions of his pen.

The unfavourable circumstances in which his literary work was done may well evoke sympathy and admiration. It is not too much to say that among the many poets of Britain and America, who had through life to battle against unpropitious fortune, poverty, and cold neglect, there is scarcely one who had a rougher or steeper path to climb, or who faced unfriendly fate with a braver heart than Charles Sangster.

Mr. Sangster was born at Kingston in 1822, and died at Ottawa in 1893. His father died at Penetanguishene in the service of the Navy Department, before his little son was two years of age. He had served a number of years in the navy as a joiner and ship-builder. His mother was left with a large family when her husband died. Having to work hard to maintain her family by the labour of her hands, her poet son received only a limited education. He was early forced to seek employment in order to contribute something towards the support of

the family. In the ordnance department at Kingston he spent nearly ten years, where he said he did clerk's work on labourer's pay. Becoming thoroughly tired of this, he finally left in disgust, and spent several years in different newspaper offices in various capacities. There is no doubt this work was somewhat more congenial, and was a valuable training. Had not his poetic instinct been irrepressible, it must have been utterly crushed by the weary grinding toil of so many years; but the spirit of poetry was a part of his being. In the later years of his life, he was a clerk in the civil service department at Ottawa, a position which, while it kept him above actual want, was not adapted to develop a poet's gifts. The wonder is that he accomplished so much.

His first volume, "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other Poems," was published in 1856. Though not of uniform merit throughout, and sometimes bearing marks of want of time for elaboration, such as is necessary to a polished style, it was full of the fire and glowing imagination of the true poet, accompanied by a wealth of description and a copious supply of fresh and picturesque language. The chief poem portrays an imaginary voyage of the poet, and some fair but shadowy companion, down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay. It consists mainly of descriptive references to places and scenes along the shores of these mighty rivers, and such poetic musings as these scenes, or the events of which they were the theatres, inspire. The Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, and the bold scenery of the lone Saguenay, stir the soul of the patriotic bard, and call forth appropriate reflections. At intervals there is a burst of lyric melody from the voyageur, as if the measured movement of the more stately metre was too prosaic to fitly express the joyous admiration that thrilled him. Some of these are among his best lyrics. This poem contains one hundred and ten Spenserian stanzas. He informed me, several years before his death, that he had carefully rewritten "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" for a new edition; but it has never been published. The following are three characteristic stanzas on the Fortress City :

"Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years agone,
That gave the placé a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim—
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

"Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They pass'd unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims, and Feeling's self imparts.

"Down the rough slope Montmorenci's torrent pours,
We cannot view it by this feeble ray,
But hark! its thunders leap along the shores,
Thrilling the cliffs that guard the beauteous bay;
And now the moon shines on our downward way,
Showing fair Orleans' enchanting Isle,
Its fields of grain, and meadows sweet with hay;
Along the fertile shores fresh landscapes smile,
Cheering the watchful eye for many a pleasant mile."

In 1860, he published "Hesperus, and other Poems," which showed a marked improvement in literary finish, and was very favourably noticed by English and United States journals, as well as by the Canadian press. There is no laboured effort nor

straining after effect. His finest expressions are simple and spontaneous. So competent a critic as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "His verse adds new interest to the woods and streams, amidst which he sings. Miss Ingelow wrote: "Mr. Sangster somewhere, to this day. This comparative neglect greatly disheartened Mr. Sangster. He felt that he deserved a more appreciative recognition than he received; and, beyond all question, he was justified in cherishing this conviction.

CHARLES SANGSTER IN HIS OLD AGE.

is a true poet, and his verses are all the more pleasant because he is never careless and never affected."

But, as in the case of nearly all poetic ventures in Canada, the popular demand for both volumes was discouragingly small; instead of being a source of profit, the proceeds of the sales did not pay the cost of publication. There must be a supply of "Hesperus" lying unsold

As Sangster's volumes are in the hands of a very limited number of our people, I may be permitted to illustrate what I have said respecting the character of his genius, by a few brief citations from his poems. Occasionally there is an affluence of language almost too splendid for the thought; but the expression of his thoughts is never tame or hackneyed. A striking poem in his first

volume, entitled, "The Changes of a Night," opens with an imposing sentence,—

"Midnight had set her star-emblazoned seal
Upon the slumbering world."

Here is a sonnet, entitled, "Despondency"; though evidently the product of a morbid mental mood, it has a weird intensity of emotion in it, which makes it hard for one to read it without feeling something of the cowering dread it describes:

"There is a sadness o'er my spirit stealing,
A flash of fire up darting to my brain,
Sowing the seeds—and still the seeds concealing—
That are to ripen into future pain.
I feel the germ of madness in me springing,
Slowly, and certain, as the serpent's bound
And my poor hopes, like dying tendrils clinging
To the green oak, tend surely to the ground;
And Reason's grasp grows feebler day by day,
As the slow poison up my nerves is creeping,
Ever and anon through my crushed heart leaping,
Like a swift panther darting on its prey;
And the bright taper Hope once fed within,
Hath waned and perished in the rueful din."

Mr. Sangster is at his best in his martial and patriotic pieces. His "Song for Canada," though perhaps too full of fight for members of peace societies, breathes simply the spirit of the man, when he sings in the first stanza,—

"Sons of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame,
That filled with smiles
The triune isles.
Through all their heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs.
With hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honoured race
Whose deeds can never die.
Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land."

Though he was not a religious poet in the sense of being a hymn writer, there is always present, even when not expressed in words, the lofty faith in God of a reverent worshipper in Nature's vast temple. This spirit is seen in his fine prelude to "Hesperus."

"The stars are heaven's ministers,
Right royally they teach
God's glory and omnipotence
In wondrous lowly speech.
All eloquent with music, as
The tremblings of a lyre,
To him that hath an ear to hear
They speak in words of fire. . . .

"O heaven-cradled mysteries,
What sacred paths ye've trod!
Bright, jewelled scintillations
From the chariot wheels of God,
When in the Spirit He rode forth
With vast creative aim,
These were His footsteps left behind
To magnify His name."

I cannot but think of Sangster's life as illustrating the spirit of John Milton, who in his days of darkness said:

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

In one letter to me, after referring tenderly to the death of his mother, he says, "There are gains for all our losses. And, while in this vein, I may say, referring to the closing paragraph of your letter, that, were it not for that 'other world,' 'the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns,' I should be the most miserable of mortals. Fame is dross to me. I write because I believe it to be a duty; and, succeed or fail, what little light I have shall not be hidden under a bushel. I have but one hope—one great hope—and it is great. You know it."

I have a strong conviction that when the history of Canadian poets and poetry comes to be written, Charles Sangster will be awarded a more appreciative recognition than he received from the people of his own generation.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.*

BY THE EDITOR.

URING the eighteenth century a religious torpor seemed to have fallen upon all the Churches. The divine origin and miraculous evidences of Christianity were strongly opposed to such writers as Hume and Gibbon, Hobbes and Bolingbroke. Lethargy, if not unbelief, had invaded the Church itself. Even candidates for holy orders were deplorably ignorant of the Scriptures. Of professed theologians but few were faithful to their sacred trust, and these bemoaned, with a feeling akin to that of Nehemiah and the exiled Jews, that the house of the Lord was laid waste. Still earlier, the venerable Archbishop Leighton, of pious memory, in pathetic terms laments over the national Church as "a fair carcass without spirit."

Within the Church of England began that great religious revival which saved Britain from the fate of France in the Revolution which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust. The Wesleys, Whitefield, Venn, and Berridge, Fletcher and Coke, Simeon of Cambridge, Milner of Carlisle, Grimshaw and Perronet, Shirley and Madan—leaders in a great religious reform—were all clergymen of the Established Church. Through the apathy or opposition, however, of a large section of its clergy and laity that Church as a whole failed, in large degree, to share this profound religious awakening. In many cases, indeed, an active opposition and persecution contributed largely to the organization of Methodism as a distinct ecclesiastical body. A distinguished Church of England writer, Dr. Arthur Rogers, writes thus of the condition of the Established Church at the close of the eighteenth century:

"Erastianism reigned almost supreme. The Church was looked upon as the creature of the State. Her spiritual functions were subordinated to her social ones. It is a dismal enough record that most of the dignitaries of the time have to set before us. There were plenty of lords over God's heritage. There were very few ensamples to the flock. We hear of bishoprics of business and bishoprics of ease. Dr. Hoardly held the see of Bangor for six years, apparently without ever setting foot in his diocese."

Dr. Watson, who became Bishop of Llandaff, drew for sixteen parishes a salary for duties which he neglected. Dr. Rogers tells us of a Bishop examining his candidates for ordination in a tent on a cricket-field, while he himself participated in the game.

There were some of the clergy to whom fox-hunting was not only a recreation for their leisure hours, but the chief business of their lives. Dean Hole remarks of these that it is charitable to suppose that they mistook the fox for a wolf, and so were anxious to destroy him, like good shepherds of the flock.

The preaching was very monotonous. "Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety?" asks the witty Sydney Smith. "Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber?" "On Easter Day in the year 1800," says Dr. Rogers, "there were only

* Abridged from the "Religious Progress of the Nineteenth Century," by W. H. Withrow, D.D. London, Toronto, Philadelphia: The Linscott Publishing Company.

six communicants at St. Paul's Cathedral. There were churches in London which sometimes found themselves on Sunday without a single individual to form a congregation."

Canon Overton remarks that in the eighteenth century Oxford had reached her nadir, and that professors who never lectured, tutors who never taught, and students who never studied, were the rule rather than the exception. At Cambridge a better state of things prevailed. Under the influence of Charles Simeon it was the seat of the Evangelical revival. Macaulay declared that his real sway over the Church of England was greater than that of any primate. Yet even in Cambridge we are told there were men whose chief endeavour was to make each other drunk.

This condition of affairs may have been the exception rather than the rule, but its very existence argues a low state of religion and dull sensibilities of decorum.

The clergy did not seem to recognize the broadening and more liberal spirit of the times. They opposed almost to a man the Catholic Emancipation bill of 1829, which removed from the Roman Catholics, particularly those of Ireland, the political disabilities which had lain upon them. But the majority of Dissenters also adopted the same course.

In 1828 the Test Act, a law which required all officers, civil and military, to receive the sacrament according to the usage of the Established Church, was repealed. This at once placed Dissenters and Catholics upon the same footing with members of the Established Church, and was in itself, remarked Bishop Hurst, sufficient to provoke opposition on the part of all who had not united in the Evangelical movement.

The Bishops also became extremely unpopular through their opposition of parliamentary reform. But the Right Reverend Prelates, and the majority of the House of Lords, strenuously opposed the Reform Bill of 1831. Lord Lyndhurst in his place in Parliament declared that, should it pass, a republic would be established, that the Protestant Church in Ireland would be destroyed and Church property in both kingdoms confiscated. Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, than whom, says Molesworth, "no prelate had ever more worthily filled the throne of Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, and Laud," strongly opposed the Bill, "believing it to be mischievous in its tendency and dangerous to the fabric of the constitution." In this he was strenuously supported by the whole bench of Bishops.

The House of Lords by a majority of forty-one threw out the Bill. The excitement throughout the kingdom was intense. In London and in many other towns the shops were closed, and the bells of the churches muffled. "The Bishops," says Molesworth, "especially were objects of popular detestation, and could not appear in the streets without danger of personal violence." Lord Gray, in his place in Parliament, had admonished the Bishops if the Bill should be thrown out by a narrow majority "to set their houses in order." The Bishop of Exeter replied, "It is true that the noble lord did not conclude the sentence, but it is impossible not to know that he referred to the words in which the prophet had threatened destruction." *

Great tumults and riots took place throughout the kingdom. In London sixty thousand persons marched to St. James' to present an address

* "Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live" (Is. xxxviii. 1).

to the King in favour of the Bill. At Nottingham, Colnwick Castle was fired, and that of the Duke of Newcastle was burned to the ground. At Bristol a terrible riot broke out. The palace of the Bishop and the Mansion House were attacked, and the latter fired. Fifty other buildings were assailed. An attempt was even made to burn down the cathedral. Not till the cavalry charged on the mob was the riot suppressed. In many of the cathedral towns the Bishops were substituted for Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November. The Bishops of Winchester and Exeter were hanged and burned in effigy close to their own palaces.

"Such," says Molesworth, himself an Anglican clergyman, "were the disastrous consequences of identifying the Church with a party in the State, and that, too, the party which was engaged in resisting progress passionately demanded by the mass of the people, and essential to the safety and well-being of the state." Even the popular sailor king lost his popularity, and was received with hoots and groans. The King at length gave authority for the creation of a sufficient number of peers to insure the passing of the Bill. But the Lords who had opposed it withdrew, and it passed its third reading, June 7th, 1832, one hundred and six peers voting for it, and only twenty-one against it.

The spirit of the reformed Parliament soon became apparent. The condition of Ireland was extremely lawless and riotous. A grievance which the Roman Catholic population most loudly complained of was the hardship of being obliged to pay tithes for the support of a Church in which they did not believe, and which they regarded as a badge of subjection.

"The Irish tithe," says Molesworth, "had been collected at the point of the bayonet, and was rapidly becoming uncollectible even in that way. The clergy who attempted to enforce their rights, and the men who paid what was due, were assassinated or lived in continual dread of assassination. Many of the clergy were reduced to the greatest distress, and in some instances brought almost to the verge of starvation."

In England, too, the Dissenters and many Churchmen objected to the impost of Church rates. The stories of the seizures of the poor man's bed and of his Bible awakened much hostility. The agitation did greater damage to the Church than the whole rate could compensate. A Bill for the abolition of ecclesiastical tests upon conferring degrees other than those in divinity at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge was strongly opposed by the universities, but passed the Commons by a vote of one hundred and sixty-four to seventy-five, but was rejected in the House of Lords by a vote of one hundred and eighty-seven to eighty-five.

It will be apparent from the above recital that the Church of England had distinctly lost ground as a directing and controlling force in the nation. The most thoughtful and earnest minds in that Church felt the need of a great religious awakening and an aggressive movement to regain its lost influence.

A remarkable group of men, chiefly at Oxford University, became the leaders of the Oxford, or Tractarian, movement. In the first year of the century were born Newman and Pusey; shortly before, Keble and Arnold; and shortly after, Hurrele, Froude, Rose, Faber, Williams, Stanley, and Tait. These men, with Robertson, Maurice, Kingsley, and Lightfoot, were destined greatly to change the character of the National Church. The most distinguished of these, perhaps, was John Henry Newman. He is de-

scribed by Principal Shairp as "A man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during the century, perhaps the most remarkable whom the English Church has produced in any century."

These were men of intense moral earnestness, of devout lives and of lofty spiritual character. One of the first notes of this religious reform was sounded in John Keble's collection of sweet and tender religious poems, "The Christian Year." There is not a village in any English-speaking land where his hymns are not sung. They voice many of the deepest feelings and holiest aspirations of the soul. Keble has been called the George Herbert of this century. Even before this the poetry of Wordsworth and philosophy of Coleridge prepared the way for the Oxford Movement.

The year 1833 is the epoch from which it dates. In January of that year Dr. Arnold published his "Principles of Church Reform." "His scheme was an attempt at the comprehension of all Christians within the pale of a great Church." Dr. Arnold hoped to include all Dissenters except a few Quakers and Roman Catholics. His plan, however, was rejected with contumely by both Churchmen and Dissenters.

An active propaganda of the new or revised doctrines of the Oxford Movement was begun in the "Tracts for the Times," as they were called, from which it received its name as the Tractarian Movement. The series consisted of ninety pamphlets published at intervals during the years 1833 to 1841. Of these Newman wrote twenty-four, Keble also a goodly number, and others of the Oxford coterie the remainder. The tracts took very high ground on the subject of baptismal regeneration and the real presence in the eucharist, although in a heavenly and spiritual manner.

The success of the Tracts, says Molesworth, was much greater, and the outcry against them far louder and fiercer, than their authors had expected. The Tracts were at first small and simple, but became large and learned theological treatises. Changes, too, came over the views of some of their writers. Doctrines which probably would have shocked them at first were put forward with a recklessness which success had increased. Alarm was excited; remonstrances stronger and stronger were addressed to them. They were attacked as Romanizing in their tendency, especially Tract No. 80, on Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge. It advocated a revival of the secret discipline of the early Church; that is, the ideas that there were doctrines which should not be publicly taught and that the Bible should not be promiscuously circulated.

So decided was the setting of the tide towards Rome that Newman made a vigorous effort to turn it by his famous Tract No. 90. In this he endeavoured to show that it was possible to interpret the Thirty-Nine Articles in the interest of Roman Catholicism. This Tract aroused a storm of indignation. The violent controversy which it occasioned led to the discontinuance of the series.

Soon men were compelled to take sides between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. In 1845 Newman went over to the Roman Church, of which for forty-five years longer he continued to be a devoted son. (He became, in 1854, Rector of the Roman Catholic University at Dublin, Cardinal Deacon in 1879, and died in 1890.) The same year Frederick William Faber also seceded to the Church of Rome, in which he became an earnest

and eloquent preacher. It is interesting to remember that the hymns of these distinguished writers, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy Like the Wideness of the Sea," which breathe the purest Christian charity and love, are favourites in all the Churches.

The Romeward exodus continued. In 1851 Henry Edward Manning followed, became Archbishop of Westminster in 1865, and ten years later Lord Cardinal. Before 1853 no less than four hundred clergyman and laity had become Roman Catholics. "They were," says Blunt, "chiefly impressible undergraduates, young ladies and young ladies' curates." But many of them were men of rank and eminence. The action of the Church of Rome in distributing England into twelve bishoprics in 1850 aroused strong Protestant feeling, and doubtless checked many from joining the exodus.

This Romeward movement aroused intense antipathy both within and without the Established Church. The arguments by which it was justified were considered, in many cases, disingenuous, if not Jesuitical. The defence of the doctrines of purgatory, confession, absolution, images, relics, invocation of the saints, penance and extreme unction by clergy of the Established Church, no matter how ingenious the argument might be, called forth strong protests.

Among the most distinguished leaders of the Oxford Movement was Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey. He sympathized strongly with this Anglo-Catholic trend. He was Regius Professor of Hebrew, and his commentaries on Daniel and the Minor Prophets are a monument of learning and piety. At the age of sixty he made himself master of Ethiopic for the better prosecution of his biblical studies. After the departure of Newman from the Established Church, Pusey for the rest of his life was recognized as the head of the High Church party. These were often designated Puseyites, an epithet which he earnestly deprecated, maintaining that their doctrines were those of the Primitive Church. Pusey was a man of pure, devout, and ascetic type of piety. He was more austere to himself than to others, wearing the hair-shirt, and using other physical means of penance.

The revival of sisterhoods in the Church of England of a conventual character was largely due to his influence. He attached much importance also to the practice of confession. For many years he made his own confessions to John Keble, and heard also the confessions of many of the clergy.

The revival of Catholic doctrine in the Church of England naturally led to a revival of Catholic practice —to a more ornate ritual; to a more stately and dignified service; and, in many cases, to the use of religious ornaments, lights, crosses, and crucifixes, and the wearing of albs and stoles and chasubles, and other ecclesiastical garbs akin to those used in the Church of Rome. It was this probably more than its theological dogmas that was the most effective influence in propagating the Tractarian doctrines.

"The movement," says the Rev. Henry Scott Holland, "in making this fresh effort, passed from the study to the street: it became practical, missionary, evangelistic. It insisted that its work upon the masses, in their dreary poverty, demanded the bright attraction and relief of outward ornament, and the effective teaching of the eye. The priestly office of the clergy was magnified. The liturgical service was enriched. The theory of a real presence led to the more elaborate decoration of chancel and altar."

A sort of ecclesiastical renaissance took place. The genius of

Sir Walter Scott, who had just passed away in 1832, had awakened a love for the historic past, with its pomp and pride and pageantry, its poetry and romance.

"This literary warmth," continues Holland, "mixed itself in with the doctrinal movement towards the enrichment of the Churches. The emotions were making new demands upon outward things: they required more satisfaction. The Churches were responding to a real and wide need when they offered a refuge and a relief to the distressed imagination.

"Everywhere began the Gothic revival. The restoration of the disgraced and destitute parish churches, which had become practically necessary, was taken up by men full of admiration for the architecture which had first built them. The architectural revival deepened into symbolism of a more rapt sacramentalism."

The public service thus underwent a very marked change.

"The psalms and canticles," says Molesworth, "which had hitherto been read in almost all churches, even in London, began to be chanted. Hymns of a more poetical character gradually supplanted the religious doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Brady and Tate. These charges were not effected without loud and angry protests from those in whose minds the old fashions were associated with ideas of sacredness, and those which replaced them with mediæval doctrine."

A strong antagonism to ritualistic practices was developed both in Parliament and without. The Church Association was organized, chiefly of persons belonging to the Low Church party, for the purpose of putting down ritualism. A large sum of money, amounting, it is said, to fifty thousand pounds, was contributed for taking proceedings against the ritualists in the ecclesiastical courts. Many of the ritualistic clergy made their adherence to these forms a matter of conscience, and suffered serious inhibitions and penalties. Much sympathy was therefore created on their behalf, and ritualism, by this very means adopted for its suppression, became more prevalent.

Ritualistic practices became more and more pronounced. The Court of Arches condemned these practices at St. Barnabas, Pimlico. But the committee of the Privy Council sanctioned the use of altar cross, altar lights, and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia. Popular indignation was aroused by dread of Romish usages, and broke out into hideous rioting at St. George's in East London.

Meanwhile, marked divergencies of doctrine were developed within the Church established by Law. In popular apprehension these were reduced to three types, the "High and Dry," the "Low and Slow," and the "Broad" Church. The High Church party we have briefly sketched. Many of its members are staunchly Anglican and anti-Romanist. To the cavil that there was but "a paper wall" between the High Church and the Church of Rome, a sturdy Churchman replied, "Yes, but the whole Bible is written upon it." "The revival of the High Church party," says Conybeare, "has effected an important improvement among the clergy. A better spirit has thus been breathed into hundreds who but for this new movement would have remained, as their fathers were before them, mere Nimrods, ramrods or fishing-rods."

"The Oxford Movement," says Rogers, "raised the tone of average morality in Oxford to a level which perhaps it never before reached." "It has promoted," says Dr. Cadman, "genuine saintliness and has popularized religion. It has crowded empty churches and founded innumerable aids for the betterment of life and the relief of the poor."

In the slums of the east end of London, of the great seaports of Bristol, Portsmouth, and Plymouth,

and in the great manufacturing centres, it has won the hearts and often changed the lives of the poor, living amid the most sordid and squalid surroundings. By its college settlements, its parochial visitations, its earnest zeal, it has in vast numbers of instances converted apathy or aversion into religious devotion and passionate loyalty to the Church and its institutions. It has created a new type in literature, the Father Jinks of "Ian Maclaren."

The Low Church, or evangelical party, had its seat at Cambridge, where the Rev. Charles Simeon was one of its most distinguished lights. It chiefly emphasized the doctrines of justification by faith and the sole authority of Scripture as the rule of life. It was always on the side of philanthropic reform. Wilberforce, Stephen and Buxton, Clarkson and Shaftesbury, are types of its public benefactors. It was the founder of the Church Missionary Society, which sends forth so many hundreds of zealous evangelistic clergy into all parts of the heathen world. It was chiefly instrumental in establishing the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has published the Scriptures in over three hundred languages. It has also been exceedingly zealous in establishing Sunday-schools, ragged schools, lending libraries, benefit societies, clothing clubs, and the like.

"The Broad Church," says Bishop Hurst, "corresponds in the main with philosophical rationalism." It began with Coleridge, was interpreted principally by Hare, was defended by the chaste and vigorous pen of Arnold, and represented by Maurice, Kingsley, and Stanley. Arnold held that the work of a Christian Church and State is absolutely one and the same. There can be no perfect Church or State without their blending into one.

The genial personality, the wide learning, the stirring eloquence of Dr. A. P. Stanley popularized more than almost any other writer Broad Church views. For the extreme latitude of his views on future punishment and the final issues of the Day of Judgment, Maurice was relieved of his duties as Professor of Divinity at King's College, London. By his intense sympathy with the poor, his zeal for social reform, and his robust and manly novels, Kingsley won wide popularity. Professor Jowett, late Master of Balliol, represented a more extreme type of Broad Church rationalism.

MIZPAH.

Two months passed by, in which I did not see
Her whom I love, though still I knew she cared
For me, by page, and gift, and thought, and dared—
No, *knew*—to tell my fears, "Go hence," for we
Would meet once more. And soon it came, that she
Did pass my toil and place and stopped and shared
Four golden hours of love and dreams, then fared
Once more away, but left this thought with me:
A life for years draws toward a life as yet
Unknown, unnamed, till side by side they run,
Till kindred hearts, aglow, forge bands which cope
With work, loss, pain, yea, all of life; yea, set
At bay death's "great divide." In Christ, that one
Who stays mourns not as those who have no hope.

—*Anon.*

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PENTECOST.*

BY REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

CARLYLE never ceased to sneer at what he called the "withered, unbelieving, second-hand eighteenth century," and yet the subject allotted to me is "The Eighteenth Century Pentecost." Can both representations be correct? Yes, if you allow Carlyle the first third of the century. After that a mighty spiritual revolution occurred which can only be properly described as a Pentecost.

Take Carlyle's phrase "withered and unbelieving," and examine how closely it accords with undoubted facts. As to national morals, during the forty years preceding Wesley's conversion a Society for the Reformation of Manners prosecuted before the magistrates 99,385 cases of debauchery and profanity, yet but little was accomplished. In order to reform the follies and vices of the day Johnson started The Rambler, Addison The Spectator, and Steele The Tattler. Their weapons were ridicule and wit, but they met with signal failure because they suggested no innate remedy. The judges swore upon the bench and lawyers at the jury; ladies swore over their cards, and clergymen over their wine. The sanctity of the marriage tie was sneered at as out of fashion. In 1736, two years preceding Wesley's conversion, every sixth house in London was a grog-shop; over the signs of some could be read, "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; straw for nothing." The "Hell-Fire Club" consisted of cultured youths who worshipped the devil and drank his health. Lady Montagu, in irony, wrote that she heard the next Parliament was to expunge the word "not" from the Ten Commandments, and insert it in the Creed, stating further that honour, reputation, and virtue had become like "crumpled ribbons."

As to the clergy, Toplady said a converted minister in the Established Church was as "wonderful as a comet." Romaine, twenty years after Wesley's field preaching began, said he only knew of six or seven "gospel clergymen" as he called them. Paley found it necessary to exhort the clergymen of his diocese "not to get drunk, not to visit alehouses, nor to be seen at barbarous diversions." On account of the shameful balls and routs held at Lambeth Palace, George III. reproved Archbishop Cornwallis, and ordered these practices to cease.

But what were the Nonconformist Churches doing? They were struck with death. Doddridge was writing of the "Decadence of Dissent." The Congregationalists and Baptists were drifting into Rationalism, and the Presbyterians into Unitarianism. When Doddridge afterwards admitted Whitefield to his pulpit, good Dr. Watts felt compelled to remonstrate, as Dr. Doddridge by so doing was compromising his respectability! Jay said the Established Church was asleep in the dark, but the Dissenters asleep in the light.

The two texts most commonly preached from those days were "Let your moderation be known unto all men," and "Be not righteous overmuch." Religion was regarded like a Dutch canal—expected to keep its bounds, and never overflow.

From these facts it requires no

* An address at the Epworth League International Convention, delivered in the Detroit Opera House, July 16th, 1903.

laboured inferences to decide as to the religious life and belief of the people. Bishop Burnett declared that it had come to pass that "Christianity was not even a subject of inquiry: at last the world had come to know it was fictitious." Blackstone went to hear every leading minister of London and declared one could not tell from what the preacher said whether he was a disciple of Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ. It was the age of Hume, Gibbon, Walpole, Chesterfield, and Bolingbroke. Montesquieu, a Frenchman, declared there was no religion in England, and said if one began to speak on that subject everybody laughed. According to Dr. Johnson "they put the apostles on trial once a week for forgery."

Up to this point, then, all will accept Carlyle's description, but soon a change appears. In 1729 a group of young men, touched by the Spirit of God, form a company for prayer, searching the Scriptures, and visiting the destitute. Among them was Charles Wesley, the founder, John Wesley, George Whitefield, James Harvey, and others. They were nicknamed the "Holy Club." As they did not swear, get drunk, run into debt, or neglect their studies, their conduct greatly astounded their fellow-students. This club was the nucleus of the great revival which occurred ten years subsequently.

But God is not confined to universities or continents. Five years after the formation of the "Holy Club," and four years previous to Wesley's conversion, the "great awakening" under Rev. Jonathan Edwards, at Northampton, New England, took place. John Wesley and he were born the same year. Under the sermon on the text "Their foot shall slide in due time," men grasped the columns of the church as if to prevent such a catastrophe. The whole countryside was mightily stirred, and during the succeeding year the town lived in an atmosphere of religion. It is sad, however, to relate that in course of time a reaction occurred. The young people incited their elders against Mr. Edwards, who had faithfully preached against their reading certain books which he considered obscene. The result was that the great Edwards, the history of whose contributions to philosophic thought will never die, had to retire to an Indian mission, there to stay till called to the presidency of Princeton College, where he died five weeks after his inauguration. The action of the young people stands to their discredit to this day, and should prove a warning to all.

Coming back to Old England, see that vessel approaching the Land's End, in 1738, and hear a young clergyman returning from Savannah, Georgia, exclaim, "I went out to convert the Indians, but oh, who will convert me?" Just as poets have an eye for beauty, so historians have a keen instinct for national crises, and Lecky says the Moravian meeting in Aldersgate Street, which Wesley attended after his return, must be considered an epoch in English history. That night the words of the dead Luther, explaining Paul's Epistle to the Romans, "strangely warmed" Wesley's benumbed heart. The divine spark, through the medium of Luther and Peter Bohler, leaped over from the first to the sixteenth century, and from thence to the eighteenth century, the glow of which even still exists in millions of hearts.

Paul—Luther—Wesley:

> "So may the bright succession run
> Through the last courses of the sun,
> While unborn Churches by their care
> Shall rise and flourish large and fair."

Could we have a more vivid illustration of the necessity of divine grace as distinguished from morality

and scholarship? Hear Wesley himself: "Are they read in philosophy? So was I. Are they versed in ancient and modern languages? So am I. Are they conversant with divinity? I have studied it for many years. Can they talk fluently on spiritual things? The same could I. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold I give my goods to feed the poor." But none of these things saved him. He was regenerated neither by education or sanitation, but by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley had been converted three years earlier than John, and, as you might expect, he put the story into verse, beginning with:

> "O the rapturous height
> Of that holy delight
> Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
> Of my Saviour possest,
> I was perfectly blest
> As if filled with the fulness of God."

Yet this hymn-writer of all the ages, for preaching the Gospel in Cork, Ireland, was indicted by the grand jury on the charge of being a common vagrant! Whitefield had been brought into the light some time before on reading the Word at Oxford, and thus this remarkable trio of gifted and consecrated men became endued with "power from on high."

Whitefield, as a ruddy-faced boy, might be seen any day wearing a blue apron, drawing beer for customers at his mother's inn. From such uncongenial surroundings developed the greatest religious orator of all times; at least there is no historical record of any greater. He was persuasively powerful whether preaching to Hume, Chesterfield, or Bolingbroke, in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room, to the Kingswood colliers on the hillside, whose tears made white channels down their blackened faces, or to the Puritan congregations of New England. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and that long before the days of floating palaces. In thirty-four years he preached 18,000 sermons, and when he was under fifty Wesley wrote that he looked like an old man. Towards the last he put himself on what he called "short allowance," that is, preaching once a weekday and thrice on Sunday. He revived the Congregational Churches of New England, and the Presbyterian Churches of the Middle States; while his printed sermons led to the founding of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches in Virginia and the South-Western States.

"I hope to die in the pulpit or soon after," he once exclaimed, and he had his wish. At Newbury, after preaching in the church, he preached his last sermon to the still hungering people on the stairs of his lodging-house, till the candle he held in his hand burned down to the socket. A few hours afterwards his spirit had fled. As if to bind the two English-speaking continents in the bonds of holy faith, Wesley's body lies across the sea, while that of Whitefield sleeps on American soil.

As to John Wesley, look at him! Only five feet six, never weighing more than one hundred and twenty-six pounds, compact and symmetrical in form; a bright eye, a melodious voice; a scholar of Oxford, a logical preacher, and with a genius for organization, as Macaulay has said, not inferior to that of Richelieu. The only serious blunder he made was in his marriage, but so did Socrates, Job, and John Milton. His physical courage was superb. Emerson said a course of mobs made Wendell Phillips the best stump speaker in America. But how few and mild compared to those which attacked Wesley! Of one at Newcastle he writes: "I took one hour to tame them, and exhorted them two hours more."

His moral heroism was no less conspicuous. In an age when all drank, ministers included, he

cried, "Touch no dram; it is liquid fire." Those who sold liquors he denounced as "poisoners-general," and declared the blood of souls was on the walls and roofs of their houses. Though repeatedly stated in Parliament that one-half of the wealth of Liverpool came from the slave trade, and though Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon had both been connected with the traffic, yet four days before Wesley died he wrote the last letter his fingers ever penned, to the then youthful Wilberforce to encourage him in the fight against that "execrable sum of all villainies." It may be interesting here to note that forty-two years afterwards, and just three days before Wilberforce himself died, word came that a resolution of Parliament abolishing slavery for ever in the British dominions had been carried.

John Wesley preached 42,000 sermons, made twenty-one visits across the Channel to Ireland, and travelled in coach or on horseback equal to ten times the circumference of the globe. At eighty-eight he died crying, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," and like a child going to rest murmured, "The best of all is, God is with us."

The Oxford which excluded him from preaching on account of that famous sermon in 1744, now preserves his room and pulpit as sacred shrines. He who was shut out from all the churches has now a marble medallion erected to his honour in England's greatest abbey—placed there nearly a hundred years after his death. While the Encyclopædia Britannica can give John Wesley only three-quarters of a column, and Emerson did not count him among his representative men, nor Carlyle include him in his list of heroes, Leslie Stephen declares no such leader of men appeared in the eighteenth century, and Lecky goes farther and adds nor since the sixteenth century, while Southey gives it as his opinion that John Wesley will have "produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long."

And what shall we say of Wesley's helpers? Of Susanna Wesley, wise and godly mother, the patron saint of local preachers? Of the fervent Howell Harris, the witty John Berridge, the resolute William Romaine, the hardy William Grimshaw, the zealous Thomas Coke, the seraphic John Fletcher, not forgetting Thomas Olivers, the "consecrated cobbler," and John Nelson, the sturdy stonemason, upon whom men jumped to tramp out of him, they said, the Holy Ghost.

These men set England ablaze. Cries of conviction were mingled with shouts of pardoning joy, while the wicked on every side were stirred with deepest hatred. The sixteenth century was a war against false doctrine, the eighteenth against dead formality, and thousands upon thousands were quickened into spiritual life by these devoted messengers of God.

Now, what were the secrets of their power? On one point each was like Wesley, who delighted to call himself "homo unius libri"—a man of one book. "Bible moths" they were called at Oxford; how suggestive! Extracting warmth from, burrowing in, and feeding upon the Word of God! Coleridge expressed surprise that the Bible "found him," but this was no new experience in the eighteenth century Pentecost. May it ever continue!

These early preachers brought God near to men. Even the orthodox ministers of that day argued: "It is *safer* to believe in a God, because at all events there may be one, and if there is He will condemn you if you don't. The God of the deists was a being far removed from men, while they denied a special providence and scouted prayer. But it

was Wesley rather than Paley or Butler who ended the deism of the eighteenth century, for in a few years thousands were singing,

> "With confidence I now draw nigh,
> And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

Lecky remarks that it was the consolations these preachers brought to men in the first agonies of bereavement and in the extreme pains of sickness and death, which gave courage and hope to thousands, while Wesley commented on the fact that however much certain people disliked the Methodists, they "died well."

These preachers further taught that every sane being had freedom of choice, and consequently was responsible to God for his attitude towards the truth. Man was not simply a helpless cork drifting upon the sea of fate, but a maker of his own destiny. Thus were routed the helplessness and despair engendered by high Calvinism.

These men preached a present, immediate, and joyous salvation. They taught that Christ was able to save all, to save all now, and to save all now to the uttermost. These three points cut into the Calvinism of the day. You have heard from olden times of a tedious brother being "sung down," but Wesley undertook by Zinzendorf's famous hymn to "sing out" a false creed:

> "Lord, I believe, were sinners more
> Than sands upon the ocean shore,
> Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
> For all a full atonement made."

The favourite parable of dissenting preachers, then, was that of the leaven. They said Methodists were in too great a hurry. That a man could in the morning be a profane drunkard and by night be enjoying the "full assurance of faith" was incredible. But while one can criticise Paley's "Evidences" and challenge Butler's "Analogy," what can be said against hundreds of saved souls, saved on the spot, and who lived consistent lives ever afterwards?

John Wesley strenuously preached and defended the doctrine of entire sanctification against all comers; and to make the doctrine permanent (if of human things this ever can be said) he enshrined and embedded it in the hymns we sing, and indeed to erase it now one would have to tear out one-third of the hymn-book. May no profane hands ever be engaged in such a task!

These preachers proclaimed the consciousness of spiritual adoption and of purity of heart. In that deistic age the doctrine that man could have direct assurance from God as to his acceptance was considered blasphemous. Even good Bishop Butler called it "horrible," though he changed his opinion somewhat later. But did not Paul preach it, and the Churches insert it in their creeds? Yes. Why then such commotion? Ah! it was the mighty emphasis they placed upon it. The result was that amid the witticisms of the wicked, and the criticisms of the cultured, thousands of new converts lustily sang:

> "What we have felt and seen,
> With confidence we tell,
> And publish to the sons of men
> The signs infallible."

These preachers realized men were as in a sinking pit, and the time was short. They expected speedy conversions and were not disappointed. Ah! how tempted we are in our little essays mainly to prove our propositions, or to preach simply as if to ease our consciences from the "woe is me," and then dilate upon "casting our bread upon the waters." "The Holy Club" itself made no converts, because they did not seek any, but only to save their own souls. How changed when these same men were "filled with the Holy Ghost and spake the word of God with boldness."

John Wesley left 77,000 members in Great Britain, 55,000 in the United States, and 25,000 in Upper and Lower Canada, and yet Green says the least part of Methodism was the Methodist Church. In its day, and since, it has permeated all churches and communities.

Isaac Taylor says that no movement mightily affecting the minds of men continues fifty years beyond its leader's death, but Wesley has been dead one hundred and twelve years, and to-day there are 48,000 Methodist ministers, 104,000 local preachers, over 7,000,000 members, and over 28,000,000 adherents —one-quarter of all the Protestants of the globe—who see gospel truth through the same eyes as he did.

We have a glorious hymnology and a preachable theory. Then let us sing it and preach it, while we fervently pray:

"On all the earth Thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew,
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to Thy sceptre all subdue."

Walkerton, Ont.

THE MENACE TO THE TOWER.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

In storied Venice, down whose rippling streets
The stars go hurrying and the white moon beats,
Stood the great Bell Tower, fronting seas and skies—
Fronting the ages, drawing all men's eyes;
Rooted like Teneriffe, aloft and proud,
Taunting the lightning, tearing the flying cloud.

It marked the hours for Venice; all men said
Time cannot reach to bow that lofty head;
Time, that shall touch all else with ruin, must
Forbear to make this shaft confess its dust;
Yet all the while, in secret, without sound,
The fat worms gnawed the timbers underground.

The twisting worm, whose epoch is an hour,
Caverned its way into the mighty tower;
And suddenly it shook, it swayed, it broke,
And fell in darkening thunder at one stroke.
The strong shaft with an angel on the crown,
Fell ruining; a thousand years went down!

And so I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl night and whirlwind on the land;
I fear not Titan traitors who shall rise
To stride the Brocken shadows on our skies—
Not giants who shall come to overthrow
And send on earth an Iliad of woe.

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine—
The Worm of Greed, the fatted Worm of Ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of state in unsuspecting hours.

OUR FIRST MARTYR IN WEST CHINA.

BY THE REV. GEORGE E. HARTWELL.

Mr. Jay Given the Right Hand of Fellowship.

N 189— a man about sixty years of age presented a letter from a neighbouring missionary and asked admission into the Canadian Methodist Church at Chen-tu. The letter stated the bearer had been baptized Christmas,189--, and had been a faithful member, that several months previous he suddenly left the neighbourhood to accompany a Roman Catholic priest to the capital, that he had every reason to believe the man was sincere, and if received into fellowship would prove faithful. On questioning him regarding his actions he said he had been led to believe that there was no difference in doctrine, but he soon found out his mistake. He had quite a remarkable face, so much so, that Miss Bird Bishop, the traveller, photographed him for a typical Chinese Christian of the farmer class.

His ambition was to go about from place to place selling Scriptures and exhorting. To this end he saved up sufficient to enter a poor-house, where by paying about seven dollars he had a bed to sleep on and rice once a day at least for the rest of his life. The inmates of this institution are allowed to go about as they please, hence Mr. Jay thus insured himself against actual want and at the same time was able to carry on the work that gave him much pleasure.

Sometimes, in the employ of the mission or the Bible Society, he would tramp for weeks at a time, through the plains, visiting cities and towns, selling the Word and preaching. His age and earnestness made up somewhat his lack of training and his appearance. In one thing the old man seemingly could not reform, namely, his style of dress. A cotton gown, a pair of sandals, with a basket of books fastened by shoulder-straps to his back, was his favourite outfit. Sometimes the pastor would exhort him to dress up a bit. Next morning he would appear in shoes, socks, and a hat, but looking so uncomfortable that when a few days later he appeared again bareheaded and in sandals nothing was said.

In 1900 he made an extended Bible-selling trip, visiting his home and former pastor. While there the Boxer disturbance at Pekin was arousing the Sz-Chuanese against the Western religion, and Bishop Cassells, of the Church Missionary Society, urged Mr. Jay to remain quiet for a time. He had, however, promised to return, and nothing would keep him. His life was spared and he reached Chentu safely. The years 1901-2 afforded wonderful opportunities to the Church. The whole country seemed moved to inquire into the Christian religion. The Bible Societies were not able to get Bibles westward fast enough to meet the demand.

Mr. Jay was most happy. Not only were Scripture purchasers many, but listeners increased, and morning, noon, or night, whenever he could get people together, he preached.

While God's Spirit was moving in the midst of the people, Satan was not idle. From other districts came rumblings as of subdued thunder. It turned out that fugitive Boxers

from the northern outbreak had fled to Sz-Chuan and were organizing in temples, and threats of punishment on all who had joined the western religion were heard. Notwithstanding this, large numbers of people were arraying themselves on the side of Christianity. In our Chentu prefectoral district, the magistracy of Ren Shou gave the greatest encouragement. The elders of towns and villages openly professed their attachment to Christianity.

A property was bought by the inquirers in the centre of the city, and Mr. Jay was sent down with a good supply of Scriptures. As was his custom, before starting on a journey, he came into the pastor's study and prayed, then flinging his basket of Scriptures over his shoulder, started forth. The road travelled was dotted with market-towns where, according to his regular practice he sold books apparently unmolested, and reached Ren Shou in safety.

The Boxer Uprising.

To understand the condition of things around Ren Shou when Mr. Jay arrived, it will be necessary to glance over the events of the previous months. The hilly districts depend on the fall rains to fill their reservoirs and paddy fields, and the spring rains to prepare their corn lands. Both had failed. The first rain and the latter rain fell not. The baked hills and the open-seamed paddy fields refused their yield. Thousands of farm labourers were without employment and food. Bands of hungry folk were roaming through the country, knocking at the rich farmers' gates demanding food. At first they took peaceful possession of the front court and waited until the landlord, wearied with their importunities, would arise and hand out a bowl of rice for each. It was not long, however, before the spirit of violence crept in, when a landlord proved stubborn. They needed but a leader to openly plunder. This need was soon supplied by the arrival of a few Boxers from a neighbouring district.

Up to this point the authorities and gentry made little effort to stem the movement, acting on Chinese principles that if left alone the fire would burn itself out.

On the main road between Chentu and Ren Shou lived a farmer named Shong, who had been a justice of the peace for many years. He had some trouble with the Roman Catholics. As the officials feared to oppose the French priests, any one involved in a law-suit with a Roman Catholic adherent was likely to fare ill. One result of this was that many united with that body to work out their own ends.

A counter movement had been started in this district to offset the Roman Catholics, and was joined by a large number of the gentry and village elders. The idea was to become, nominally at least, Protestants, and work the English influence against the French. Petitions, signed by tens and hundreds, were sent to the missionaries at Chentu asking for a pastor. Two or three years elapsed before a foreign pastor could investigate the causes for this unusual zeal. In the meantime all who had subscribed money regarded themselves as Protestants, and hence, adherents of Canadian Methodism. The original purpose was served somewhat, as Peter could not ruthlessly rob Paul.

Now, when the Boxers came to this district they found the soil ready. Famine on the one hand gave them numbers, and hostility to Roman Catholicism a pretext to begin their work of destruction. Unfortunately for the whole neighbourhood, one of Mr. Shong's sons became entangled in their mesmeric meshes and became a Boxer. Mr. Shong's enemies had now an oppor-

tunity for vengeance, and his immediate arrest was demanded by the French priest. The magistrate, his whole district honeycombed with Boxer sympathizers, was powerless, and ordered the local magistrates of the village to arrest Mr. Shong. Mr. Shong had been a respected neighbour, and as the whole community felt he was being persecuted by the Romanists, the elders of the district advised patience until the excitement had abated.

Unfortunately, at this juncture an unexpected element was introduced in the shape of a squad of soldiers, who suddenly entered the community and forced the local officials and elders to accompany them to the home of Mr. Shong. It only took a few hours to burn the old homestead, but it took months to quench the fire of vengeance it kindled. The Shong family, thus outlawed, raised the Boxer flag in sight of their ruined home and soon had a mixed company of three or four thousand at their command. They first marched to the village, took vengeance on those who had accompanied the soldiers—the soldiers, by the way, had departed as suddenly as they came—then roamed through the country, burning or robbing, first Romanists, second their personal enemies, and then any one who was likely to have silver or rice.

A number of homes in the latter class belonged to inquirers who a month previous had identified themselves with the Canadian Methodist Church. Their losses were considerable, as they had been informed that they would not be disturbed, and hence made no effort to protect or hide their possessions. When, however, more rice was needed to feed the ever-increasing mob, no distinctions were made. Wherever the carcass was, there the eagles gathered.

Mr. Jay's Good Confession.

Mr. Jay, with his basket of Scriptures and tracts, passed through this neighbourhood in the early part of the seventh moon, selling books by the way. On the 5th of the seventh moon, Mr. Shong's home was destroyed. On the 7th the Boxers raided the village. On the 9th Mr. Jay started on his return journey from Ren Shou to Chentu. When he came into the neighbourhood of the disturbances he walked quietly along, not resting at the village, but sitting down a mile or two further on. His basket of books attracted attention, and a crowd soon gathered around him. When the mob learned that he had foreign books they immediately became violent and said he was a Romanist. He was then dragged two or three miles to the Boxer camp and was tried. No doubt his age and kindly spirit somewhat recommended Mr. Jay to his judges, for the natives report that he was offered his liberty if he would burn his books and renounce the Jesus religion. Mr. Jay possessed the true martyr spirit. He calmly preached to them and said he could not renounce his Saviour. Those who had communion with him and knew his deep earnestness, can easily imagine him standing before his unlawful judges, bent with years of toil, clothed in a common cotton gown, with sandals upon his feet, bareheaded, with the few remaining grey hairs braided and standing almost straight out, yet firm as an oak in his allegiance to Christ.

Nor will that testimony be fruitless. There are already evidences that the blood of this martyr has not been shed in vain, but will be the seed for a spiritual church. Already there are several inquirers in that town, and steps are being taken to secure the site for a church edifice.

The full details of the final scene

are not easily obtained, as no one cares to acknowledge having been present. It is now alleged that at the foot of a shrine containing the gods of the soil three bodies lie, all buried the same day. One is a Taoist priest, who had by his pretended magical knowledge early prophesied different results other than what had happened, and was executed as a deceiver. One is a woman who lived with the priest and was a partner in his sorcery. One is Mr. Jay, who was beheaded with a sword because he was a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. How vividly these three graves picture to the devout mind the scene on Calvary with its three crosses.

One other scene, scarcely less tragic, is so closely connected with Mr. Jay's work and death that it is appended here.

Seven months later, the writer visiting this neighbourhood, slept in an inn that had been partly demolished during the reign of terror. In the evening, as was the custom, the inquirers came in for worship. One inquirer brought a friend with him, a man approaching twoscore years and ten, refined in appearance, and gentle in his manners. He had just passed through a terrible affliction, which he related to us, his voice quivering with emotion.

"The day," he began, "that Mr. Jay passed through this district on his way to Ren Shou I was visiting a market-town six miles away. Mr. Jay was there selling books and preaching. I bought three of the Gospels, but afterwards, hearing a friend say there was another to make a complete set, I returned and bought the fourth. Some said they were foreign books and excited people to rebellion, but when I took the books home and read them I could see no harm in them, and found they exhorted men to be good." Evidently he connected the buying of the Gospels with what followed. "A few days after buying the books," he continued, "there arose a bitter Boxer persecution against any who were known to have the foreigners' books, or believed in the foreigners' religion. One morning a messenger came rushing into our house at daybreak, saying, 'The Boxers, two or three thousand strong, are near. Flee for your lives.' My wife and myself had barely time to get away in our night-clothes, when the house was surrounded."

His voice faltered as he continued. "We had two bright little boys, seven and nine years respectively, sleeping in an adjoining room. In the confusion they were left. No sooner was the house surrounded than the leaders entered and found the two sleeping children. They were roughly awakened and carried into the courtyard. The mesmerized and frenzied mob, thirsting for blood, rushed upon our helpless infants with their swords, and we in our old age were soon childless."

How inadequate are words to comfort such a grief, and yet the kindly way he spoke of Mr. Jay, his words regarding the Gospels, indicated that the Great Comforter had not left them comfortless in their sorrow.

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

The Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught for me."
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is his command.
His pleading call
Is to each, to all;
And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word,
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will.
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a king is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught for me."

MISS SARAH WILLMOTT.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS,
Chairman of the Tamworth District.

"An excellent sweet lady."
—Shakespeare.

MISS SARAH WILLMOTT.

BORN in the delightful old English county of Rutland more than nine decades ago, and brought to Toronto by her parents while George III. was king, Miss Sarah Willmott is now passing life's quiet evening in the town of Stouffville. The paternal aunt of the Rev. J. C. Willmott, M.A., and of Dr. J. B. Willmott, the well-known dean of our dental college, she has also lived to see the representatives of still another generation attain eminence, in the persons of Dr. Walter Willmott, of Toronto, and Mr. A. B. Willmott, M.A., the Algoma Superintendent of Mines.

One of the earliest Cobourg students, she often speaks with loving respect of Victoria's first principal, the Rev. Dr. Richey, as well as of the many pioneer preachers whose toil and self-sacrifice she recalls so readily. Dowered with all the instincts and traditions of the true gentlewoman, possessed of high intellectual, moral, and spiritual gifts and aptitudes, and marked by a sweet and affectionate disposition, the influence of Miss Willmott's long and busy life has been widespread and benign; and, through others, now radiates in spheres where her own name is unknown. For many a long year the Church and the mission cause received her hearty co-operation and support, while her strenuous advocacy of total abstinence dates from 1830. Her "counterfeit presentment," will, we are sure, be welcomed by the readers of this magazine, for whom we could wish few greater pleasures than an actual acquaintance with the "gentle ladye."

THE GRAIL.

Sir Pellenore with armed hands
  Rode out to seek the Grail;
But though he sought in many lands
  His quest did nought avail.
Sir Pellenore rode home again,
  To see his mother dear;
And coming, found with bitter pain
  His mother on her bier.

And on the altar at her head,
  All passion-pure and pale,
Abrim with sacred wine rose-red
  He saw the Holy Grail.
God grant this little legend wings
  To all who love to roam;
The Holiest and the Dearest things
  May still be found at home.

—*Verses by Mother and Daughter.*

THE LOCAL PREACHER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

OF course the Squire was Church—
strict Church—
There was nothing else for he ;
The Church was the only place, you know,
For to worship properly,
At any rate, for gentle folks
And people with property.

The Miller Penrose went forth to preach—
A Brianite "Local" was he.
"I can just go forth to tell the folks
Of the love of God to me ;
It can't do nobody not no harm,
And may do some good," said he.

The Sexton came up, and the Squire told :
"Aw, your honour, I've heerd 'em say,
That Miller Penrose goeth forth to preach
'Most every Sabbath Day.
And seemin' to me 'tis a terrible thing
For he to go on that way.

"'Tis bad enough to stay home from
church,
But 'tis dreadful, seemin' to me,
For a man like that to preach to folks—
A ignorant owl like he,
As never had no learnin' at all ;
—Such things ought not for to be."

"Indeed," says the Squire, a-lookin'
black,
"The Miller a preacher is he !"
"Iss fy, your honour, 'tis true enough,
And I hope your honour will see,
And put a stop to such ghastly ways ;
'Tis terrible, seemin' to me."

But now you must not go for to think
The Squire was that ill-bred
That he wanted the world to hold its
tongue
'Till it 'greed with what he said,
And counted the narrow way was just
To follow where he led.

A gentleman born his honour was ;
You might search the country round,
And a kinder-hearted man for sure,
There wasn't above the ground !
A fairer and squarer than Squire Tolcarne
There was not to be found.

But the words of the Sexton haunted en :
"Penrose a preacher !" says he,
And it seemed to the Squire a serious
thing
That an ignorant man like he
Should set hisself up for to tell the folks
What the way to heaven might be.

It wasn't long before Miller Penrose
Come up to the Squire's place ;
He'd finished the talk he'd come about
When he seed by Squire's face
That something he'd done—he didn't
know what—
Had brought a bit o' disgrace.

Then the Squire he shut the office door ;
"Penrose," the Squire began,
"I'm amazed to hear that the Brianites
Have put your name on the plan.
Now really, you know, you must admit
You're a terribly ignorant man."

"Aw, terrible, iss, your honour, that's
true,
If I don't knaw nawthen beside,
I do knaw I don't knaw nawthen, sir—
I wish it could be denied.
I can't make out them larned books
Though fine and often I've tried."

"Well, well, now Miller, if that is so,
I really am bound to say,
It's an awful thing for you to try
To teach other folks the way.
Think what a solemn thing it would be
If you led a soul astray."

"Well, Squire, forgive me, I've thought
of that,
And there never passes a day
But with all my soul and strength I lift
My heart to God and pray
That He will give me His heavenly grace
For to teach me what to say."

It chanced that the map of the Squire's
estate
Lay there on the table spread ;
The fields and woods all painted green,
The houses a staring red ;
And there was marked each road and path,
And the places where they led.

Then a bit of a twinkle shone in his eye
As the Miller turned around,
"That the map of your estate, is it, sir ?
You knaw it well, I'll be bound ;
Of course, you're using it constantly,
And got to go over the ground."

"Of course, of course, I know it by
heart,"

Says the Squire. The Miller says he,
"You do knaw each road and waterway,
And where each path may be?"
"Of course, of course," the Squire replied.
"I know it all perfectly."

"Now, excuse me, Squire, I knaw you're one
To give a man fair play.
Can you mind when you was down to the mill—
'Twas only the other day—
You asked little Mary to come with you
And show your honour the way?"

"Oh, yes," said the Squire, "she showed me the path
That turns in there by the gate;
I was very much obliged to her,
It led to the highway straight;
And but for the service she rendered me
I should have gone home late."

"Well, now, your honour, 'tis like this here—
Or so it seems to me—
Little Mary would hardly knaw the name
Of what a map might be;
And certainly would not knaw 'pon the map
The place were she lives, you see.

"My Mary isn't a scholar, I'm 'fraid,
But excuse me if I say
That she was able to show you, sir,
The place where the footpath lay,
'Cause your honour knew it on the map,
But she walked in it every day.

"So, your honour, if I don't knaw the map
So well as some folks may,
I do thank God I knaw one thing—
That He has shown me the way;
And I trust by His grace I've found out how
To walk in it every day."

So the days went by. The Squire he watched
And saw that the Miller was true,
And he heard of many a kindly deed
That the Miller used to do;
And how, when a bit of trouble came,
He would help a neighbour through.

And it chanced one day the Squire fell ill,
The Doctor sat by his bed:
"Now Doctor, tell me just how it stands;
Am I going to die?" he said.
"I want you to tell me how it will go."
But the Doctor shook his head.

"If I'm going to get well, I'm quite content
If the Vicar comes and goes;
But I tell you what, I want to have
When my life draws near to its close—
I want my people to send and fetch
That good old Miller Penrose."

The power and pathos of the following poem by Mr. Pearse will speak to every heart:

THE LAMENT.

Aw Mother o' Moses, what do 'ee think?
The Daughter of Pharaoh is here:
"I do want my awn little boy," says she—
"My little one so dear."

Aw Mother o' Moses, make haste, make haste,
They'll dress en up so gay,
And learn en all sorts o' wonderful things
And make en a King one day.

Aw Mother o' Moses, where are 'ee to?
Here's such a grand coach and four,
And the Daughter of Pharaoh her awn self
Is knockin' to the door.

Aw Mother o' Moses, make haste, make haste,
Can 'ee hear what they do say?
"Bring en forth the beautiful little one,
So beautiful as day."

. . . . . .

The Mother o' Moses sat by the ark—
She never once stirred nor spoke,
The cradle was empty, the child was gone,
And they said her heart was a-broke.

OLD AND YOUNG.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who live for self, and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up the pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould,
F them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung,
For them old age itself is young.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.*

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."
—Jesus Christ.

I.

THERE were seven of them at the table that day, and they were talking about heredity. At least they were talking about whatever stood for heredity at the date of our history. The word had penetrated to religious circles at the time; but it was still interpreted with a free personal translation.

Perhaps there is no greater curiosity of its kind than that of a group of theological students (chiefly in their junior year) discussing science.

Jaynes had been reading Huxley. Jaynes was a stout man, and short, with those round eyeglasses by which oculists delight in deforming round people. He confessed that he was impressed by the argument. He said:

"Varieties arise, we do not know why; and if it should be probable that the majority of varieties have arisen in a spontaneous manner——"

"A little vinegar, Jaynes, if you please," interrupted Tompkinton gently. Tompkinton was long and lean. His hair was thin, and straggled about his ears, which were not small. His hands were thin. His clear blue eye had an absent look. In cold weather he wore an old army cape of his father's. He studied much without a fire, for the club board at the "short price" cost him two dollars and seventy-five cents a week. His boots were old, and he had no gloves and a cough. He came from the State of New Hampshire.

Then there was Fenton: a snug little fellow, who took honours at Amherst; a man who never spent more than five hundred a year in his life, yet always wore clean linen and a tolerable coat, had a stylish cut to his hair, and went to Boston occasionally to a concert. It was even reported that he had been to see Booth. But the Faculty discredited the report. Besides, he had what was known as "a gift at prayer."

Fenton was rather a popular man, and when he spoke in answer to Holt (who observed that he considered Huxley's "Descent of Man" an infidel book) he was listened to with marked attention.

Holt was in the Special Course. He was a converted brakeman from the Hecla and St. Mary's, a flourishing Western railway. Holt, being the only student present who had not received any undue measure of collegiate culture, was treated with marked courtesy by his more liberally educated fellow-students.

"We are reading Darwin up at my room, two or three of us, after dinner," observed Fenton kindly. "We should be happy to have you join us sometimes, Holt."

Holt blinked at the speaker with that uncertain motion of the eyelids which means half intellectual confusion, and half personal embarrassment. Not a man of these young Christians had smiled; yet the Special Course student, being no natural fool, vaguely perceived that something had gone wrong.

But Fenton was vivaciously discussing last November's ball games with his vis-a-vis, a middler whose name is unknown to history. It was some time before he said, looking far down the long table:

"Bayard, who is it that says it takes three generations to make a gentleman?"

"Why, Holmes, I suppose," answered he who was addressed. "Who else would be likely to say it?"

"Have an apple, Bayard—do. It's sour, but sound. It's Baldwin year, or we shouldn't get them except Sundays."

Bayard mechanically took the apple, and laid it down untouched. His eye wandered up the cold length of the long table decorated with stone china. Somehow, few aspects of the theological life struck his imagination so typically as a big vegetable-dish piled with cold, unrelieved Baldwins, to be served for after-dinner fruit on a

* Abridged from "A Singular Life." By E. S. Phelps Ward.

winter day. In the kind of mental chill which the smallest of causes may throw over a nature like his, Bayard did not exert himself to reply to his classmate, but fell into one of the sudden silences for which he was marked.

"My father," observed the New Hampshire man quietly, "was a farmer. He dug his own potatoes the day before he enlisted. Perhaps I am no judge, but I always thought he was a gentleman—when I was a little boy."

Tompkinton shouldered himself out of the conversation, and went out into the wintry air, taking long strides to the lecture-room, with his notebook under the old blue army cape, of which the north-west wind flung up the scarlet side.

"Has the Professor tea'd you yet, Bent?" asked Bayard, rousing, perhaps a little too obviously anxious to turn the channels of conversation. Genealogical problems at best, and in picked company, are unsafe topics; hence peculiarly dangerous at a club table of poor theologues, half of whom must, in the nature of things, be forcing their way into social conditions wholly unknown to their past. Bayard was quicker than the other men to think of such things.

"Oh yes," said Bent, with a slightly twitching mustache. "Ten of us at a time in alphabetical order. I came the first night, being a B. Madam his wife and Mademoiselle his daughter were present, the only ladies against such a lot of us. I pitied them. But Miss Carruth seemed to pity us. She showed me her photograph book, and some Swiss pickle forks—carved. Then she asked me if I read Comte. And then her mother asked me how many of the class had received calls. Then the Professor told some stories about a Baptist minister. And so by and by we came away. It was an abandoned hour—for Cesarea. It was ten o'clock."

"I was in town that night," observed Bayard. "I had to send my regrets."

"If you were in town, why couldn't you go?" asked the middler.

"I mean that I was out of town. I was in Boston. I had gone home," explained Bayard pleasantly.

"You won't come in now till after the Z's," suggested Fenton quickly; "or else you'll be left over till the postgraduates take turn, and the B's come on again."

The Baldwin apples were all eaten now, and the stone china was disappearing from the long table in detachments. Jaynes and the Special Course man had followed Tompkinton, and the middler and Bent now pushed back their chairs. Bayard remained a moment to ask after the landlady's neuralgia—he was one of the men who do not economize sympathy without more effort than its repression is usually worth—and Fenton waited for him in the cold hall. The two young men shoved their shoulders into their overcoats sturdily, and walked across the Seminary green together to their rooms.

Strictly speaking, one should say the Seminary "white." It was midwinter, and on top of Cesarea Hill. From the four corners of the earth the winds of heaven blew, and beat against that spot; to it the first snowflake flew, and on it the last blizzard fell. Were the winters longer and the summers hotter in Cesarea than in other places? So thought the theologues in the old draughty, shaking Seminary dormitories dignified by time and native talent with name of "halls."

Young Bayard trod the icy path to his own particular hall (Galilee was its name) with the chronic homesickness of a city-bred man forced through a New England country winter under circumstances which forbade him to find fault with it. His profession and his seminary were his own choice and his seminary were his own choice; he had never been conscious of wavering in it, or caught in grumbling about it, but sometimes he felt that if he had been brought up differently—like Tompkinton, for instance, not to say Holt—he should have expended less of that vitality necessary to any kind of success in the simple process of enduring the unfamiliar.

"How was the gale round your room last night?" inquired young Fenton, as the two climbed the frozen terraces, and leaped over the chains that hung between rows of stunted posts set at regular intervals in front of the Seminary buildings. For what purpose these stone dwarfs staggered there, no one but the founders of the institution knew; and they had been in their graves too long to tell.

"It made me think of my uncle's house," observed Bayard.

"By force of contrast? Yes. I never lived in Beacon Street. But I can guess. I pity you in that north-west corner. My mother sent me a soap-stone by express last week. I

should have been dead, I should have been frozen stark, without it. You heat it, you know, on top of the base-burner, and tuck it in the sheets. Then you forget and kick it out when you're asleep, and it thumps on the fellow's head in the room below, and he blackguards you for it through the ceiling. Better get one."

"Are you really comfortable—all night?" asked Bayard wistfully. "I haven't thought about being warm or any of those luxuries since I came here. I expected to rough it. I mean to toughen myself."

In his heart he was repeating certain old words which ran like this: Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But they did not come to his lips. He was as afraid of cant as too many young theologues are of sincere simplicity.

"Oh, come, Bayard!" urged the other. "There's where you miss it. Why not be comfortable? I don't see that Christianity and misery need be identical. You are certain to have a tough time if you go on as you begin. Talk about election, fore-ordination, predestination! You take the whole set of condemnatory doctrines into your hands and settle your own fate beforehand. A man doesn't leave Providence any free will who sets out in life as you do."

"Do I strike you that way?" asked the young man anxiously. "If there is anything I abhor, it is a gloomy clergyman!"

"There you are again! Now I'm not finding fault with you," began Fenton, settling his chin in his comfortable way. "Your soul is all nerves, man. It is a ganglion. You need more tissue round it—like me."

The two young men stood at the foot of the bare, wooden stairs in the cold entry of Galilee Hall, at the dividing of their ways. It was the usual luck of the other that he should have a south-west room, first floor. But Bayard climbed to his north-west third-story corner uncomplainingly. It occurred to him to say that there were objects in life as important, on the whole, as being comfortable. But he did not. He only asked if the lectures on the Nicene Creed were to be continued at four, and went on, shivering, to his room.

It was a bitter February afternoon, and the wind blew the wrong way for north-west corners. Bayard had spent the day in coddling his big base-burner, which now rewarded him by a decent glow as he entered his study. He had no chum, and thanked God for it; he curled into the shell of his solitude contentedly, and turned to his books at once, plunging headlong into the gulf of the Nicene Creed. At the end of two hours he got up, shivering. The subject was colder than the climate, and he felt congealed to the soul. He flung open his bedroom door. An icy breath came from that monastic cell. He thought, "I really must get some double windows." He had purposely refrained all winter from this luxury lest he should seem to have more comforts than his poorer classmates.

The early winter sunset was coming on, and Cesarea Hill was wrapping herself in gold and purple and in silver sheen to meet it. Bayard went to his window, and stood, with his hands locked behind him, looking abroad.

The Seminary lawns (old Cesareans spoke of them as the Seminary "yard"), encrusted in two feet of snow, took on the evening colours in great sweeps, as if made by one or two strokes of a mighty brush. The transverse paths that cut across the snow, under rows of ancient elm-trees, had the shape of a cross. The delicate, bare branches of the elms were etched against a blazing west. Above, the metallic sky hung cold and clear. A few students were crossing the lawns, tripping and slipping on the paths of gray and glittering ice. In the wide street beyond, a number of people were breasting the blast, valiantly prepared for a mile's walk to the evening mail. The night threatened to be very cold. Across the street, the Professors' houses stood in a serious row. Beyond them, the horizon line ran to Wachusett undisturbed; and the hill and valley view melted into noble outlines under snow and sun.

Emanuel Bayard stood at his window looking across to the hills. The setting sun shone full in his face. I see no reason why one should hesitate to give a man full credit for personal beauty because one chances to be his biographer, and do not hesitate to say that the attractiveness of this young man was extraordinary. Neither a prophet nor a cut-throat would for an instant have questioned the spiritual supremacy of the man.

But the young man was thinking nothing of this as he faced the cold and gleaming sky, to see the sun drop just to the north of Wachusett, as he had done so many winter nights since he took possession of the north-

west corner of Galilee Hall. If his musing had been strictly translated into words, "I must prove my rank," he would have said.

As he stood mute and rapt, seeming to bestow more brilliance than he took from it on the afterglow that filled the grim old room, his eye rested on the line of Professors' houses that stood between him and his sunset, and musingly travelled from ancient roof to roof till it reached the house behind which the sun had dropped. This house was not built by the pious founders, and had a certain impertinent, worldly air as of a professor with property, or a committee of the trustees who conceded more than was expected by the Westminster Catechism to contemporaneous ease and architecture. It was in fact a fashionable modern building, a Queen Anne country house, neither more nor less.

As Bayard's glance reached the home of his theological professor it idly fell upon the second-story front window, where signs of motion chanced to arrest his attention. In this window the drawn shade was slowly raised, and the lace drapery curtains parted. A woman's figure stood for a moment between the curtains. There were western windows, also, to the room, and the still burning light shot through from side to side of the wing. In it she could be seen clearly: she stood with raised arm and hand; there was something so warm and womanly and rich in the outlines of that remote figure that the young man would have been no young man if his glance had not rested upon it.

After a moment's perceptible hesitation he turned away; then stepped back and drew down his old white cotton shade.

II.

It had always been considered a mistake that the professors' houses stood on the "morning side" of the street. But this, like many another architectural or social criticism, was of more interest to the critic than to the criticised. In point of fact, the western faces of the dwellings consecrated to the faculty received the flood-tide of the sea of sun that rose and ebbed Cesarea and Wachusett. A man's study, a child's nursery, a woman's sewing-room, fled the front of the house as a matter of course; and the "afternoon side" of the dwelling welcomed them bountifully.

The Professor's daughter, who had not been born in Cesarea, but in the city of New York, was observant with the enthusiasm of a girl who has so little social occupation that a beautiful landscape is still an object of attention, even of affection.

It was not religious emotion, but the power of association and poetic perception which made her say aloud:

"And the city had no need of the sun . . . to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it."

As the words fell from her lips the sun dropped beyond Wachusett. The fire flashed, and ran, and faded. Cold, dull, delicate colours replaced the glory on Galilee Hall; the burst of gold had burned out and melted; the tints of cool, precious stones crept upon the window whose display had pleased her. She passed her hand over her eyes, for she was blinded by the dazzling effect. When she looked again, she noticed that the old white shade in the north-west corner room was drawn.

She turned away, feeling an unreasonable sense of discomfort, as if she had been rebuffed in an unconscious intrusion. At that moment she heard her father moving about his study, which was below her room. The sound of flying slippers and the creak of his whirling study-chair indicated that his work was over for the day, and that he was about to take his evening pilgrimage to the post-office. His daughter ran down to see him.

He glanced up from the arctic overshoes which he was tugging on over his boots, with a relieved and pleasant look.

"Ah, Helen! You are just in time. I need you, my child. Just write some invitations for me, will you?—in your mother's name. She seems to be too much absorbed in some domestic duties to attend to it, and I must have those omitted men to tea this week. Your mother says she can't have them to-morrow on account of—I have forgotten the reason, but it was an important one."

"She has some preserves to scald over. Yes," said Helen, with ripples in her eyes, "I think they are quinces. At any rate, it is of national importance. Friday, did you say? Certainly. I will have them written by the time you have selected your cane, father. Who are these? The A's? Or the C's?"

"They are the B's," answered the Professor, looking over his assortment of handsome canes with the serious interest of a sophomore. If the Professor of Theology had one human weakness, it was for handling a fine cane. This luxury was to him what horses, yachts, and dry wines may be to different men. His daughter was quite right in assuming that the notes of invitation would be written before he had suited himself out of a dozen possibilities to his delicate Oriental grapestick with the heavy ivory handle.

"They are the B's," he repeated abstractedly. "Two B's, and—yes, one C. One of the B's I would not overlook on any account. He is that B who was pre-engaged, for some reason, in the autumn. He must be invited again. His uncle is one of the trustees. There's the catalogue; you'll find the address—Galilee Hall, Bayard, Emanuel. Don't make a mistake, my dear; and I hope you will take pains to be at home and help us entertain them."

"I was going in to the concert," said Helen disappointedly, pausing with her pen suspended. "I meant to spend the night with Clara Rollins. But—no, I won't, father, if you care about it."

"Thank you, my dear," he said gently. He kissed her as he went out, and Helen smiled contentedly; she was deeply attached to her father. In his home the Professor of Theology was the most loving and beloved of men.

There came up a warm storm that week, and by Friday Cesarea Hill swam in a sea of melted snow. The two B's and one C waded their way to their Professor's house to tea that evening, across rills and rivers of ice-water, and through mounds of slush. Bayard sank over rubbers amid-stream more than once; he wore the usual evening shoe of society. He was always a well-dressed man, having never known any other way of living. It was different with his fellow-students. That one C, for example, who strode across the Seminary green in comfort and rubber boots, had provided, it seemed, no other method of appearance within doors. His antaloons were tucked into the rubber boots at the knees, and had the air of intending to stay there.

"Look here, man!" gasped Bayard, as the young men removed their overcoats in the large and somewhat stately hall of the Professor's house. "You have forgotten your shoes!"

"I have some slippers in my pockets, if you think them necessary," replied the other. "You know more about such things than I do."

The speaker produced a pair of slippers, worked in worsted by his sister; a white rose ornamented the toe of each. As he stooped to put them on, Bayard observed that the man wore a flannel shirt of the blue-gray tint at that time preferred by day labourers, and that he was guiltless of linen.

The three guests entered the drawing-room, headed by the flannel shirt. The one C sat down on the largest satin easy-chair, stretching his embroidered slippers on the Persian rug with such dignified unconsciousness of the unusual as one might go far to see outside of Cesarea, and might not witness once in a lifetime there. Occupied with the embarrassment of this little incident, Bayard did not notice at first that the daughter of the house was absent from the parlour. He fell to talking with his favourite professor eagerly; they were deep in the discussion of the doctrine of election as taught in a rival seminary, by a more liberal chair, when Mrs. Carruth drew the attention of her husband to the gentleman of the flannel shirt, and seated herself by Bayard.

"I hope you are not very hungry?" she began in her literal voice. "We are waiting for my daughter. She attends the Symphony Concerts Fridays, and the coach is late to-night from the five o'clock train."

"Oh, that coach!" laughed Bayard. "I walk—if I want my supper."

"And so did I," said a soft voice at his side.

"Why, Helen, Helen!" complained the Professor's wife.

The young lady stood serenely, awaiting her father's introduction to the three students. She bowed sedately to the other B and the C. Her eyes scintillated when she turned back to Bayard. She seemed to be brimming over with suppressed amusement. She took the chair beside him, for her mother (who never trusted Cesarea service to the exclusion of the old-fashioned, housewifely habit of looking at her table before her guests sat down) had slipped from the room.

"You walk from the station—a mile—in this going?" began Bayard, laughing.

"No;" she shook her head. "I

waded. But I got here. The coach had nine inside and five on top. It hasn't come yet. I promised father I'd be here, you see."

Bayard's quick eye observed that Miss Carruth was in dinner dress ; her gown was silk, and purple, and fitted her remarkably well ; she had a sumptuous figure ; he reflected that she had taken the time and trouble to dress for these three theologues as she would have done for a dinner in town. He saw that she gave one swift glance at the man in the flannel shirt, who was absorbed in the Professor's story.

But after that she looked at the student's head, which was good. Upon the details of his costume no eye in the drawing-room rested that evening again. That student went out from Cesarea Seminary to be a man of influence and intellect ; his name became a distinguished one, and in his prime society welcomed him proudly. But if the Professor's family had been given the catalogue and the inquisition to identify him, it may be questioned whether thumbscrews would have wrung his name from them. It being one of the opportunities of Christianity that it may make cultivated gentlemen out of poor and ignorant boys, Cesarea ladies take pride in their share of the process.

At tea—for Cesarea still held to her country tradition of an early dinner—Bayard found himself seated opposite the Professor's daughter. The one C sat beside her, and she graciously proceeded to bewitch that gentleman wholly out of his wits, and half out of his theology. Bayard heard her talking about St. Augustine. She called him an interesting monomaniac.

The table was served in the manner to which Bayard was used, and was abundantly lighted by candles softly shaded in yellow. In the pleasant shimmer, in her rich dress, with the lace at her throat and wrists, she seemed, by pretty force of contrast with the prevailing tone of the village, the symbol of beauty, ease, and luxury. Bayard thought how pre-eminent she looked beside that fellow in the shirt. He could not help wondering if she would seem as imposing in Beacon Street. After a little study of the subject he concluded that it would not make much difference. She was not precisely a beautiful woman, but she was certainly a woman of beauty. What was she ? Blonde ? She had too much vigour. But—yes. Her hair was as yellow as the gold lining of rich silverware. She was one of the bright, deep orange blondes ; all her colouring was warm and brilliant. Only her eyes struck him as inadequate ; languid, indifferent, and not concerned with her life. She gave the unusual effect of dark eyes with bright hair.

While he was thinking about her in the interludes of such chat as he could maintain with her mother, who had asked him twice whether he graduated this year, Miss Carruth turned unexpectedly and addressed him. The remark which she made was not original ; it was something about the concerts : Did he not go in often ? She had not asked the one C if he attended the Symphony Concerts. But Mrs. Carruth now inquired of that gentleman if he liked the last preparatory lecture. The Professor was engaging the attention of the other B. And Bayard and Helen Carruth fell to conversing, undisturbed, across the pleasant table.

He felt at home despite himself, in that easy atmosphere, in that yellow light. The natural sense of luxury crept around him softly. He thought of his north-west room over there, rocking in the gale, and of the big dish of apples at the club table. He thought of the self-denials and deprivations, little and large, which had accompanied his life at Cesarea ; he tried to remember why he had chosen to do this or suffered that.

His ascetic ideals swam and blurred a little before the personality of this warm, rich, human girl. There was something even in the circumstance of eating quail on toast, and sipping chocolate from a Dresden cup in an antique Dutch spoon, which was disturbing to the devout imagination—in Cesarea.

Over his sensitive face his high, grave look passed suddenly, like the reflection thrown from some unseen, passing light.

"I had better be at my room and at work," he thought.

At that moment he became aware of a change in the expression of the Professor's daughter. Her languid eye had awakened. She was regarding him with puzzled but evident attention. He threw off his momentary depression with ready social ease, and gaily said :

"You look as if you were trying to classify a subject, Miss Carruth ; as

if you wanted to put something in its place and couldn't do it."

"I am," she admitted. "I do."

"And you succeed ?"

"No." She shook her head again. "I do not find the label. I give it up." She laughed merrily, and Bayard joined in the laugh. But to himself he said :

"She does me the honour to investigate me. Plainly I am not the one C. Clearly I am not the other B. Then what ? She troubles herself to wonder."

Then he remembered how many generations of theological students had been the subject of the young lady's gracious and indifferent observation. She was, perhaps, twenty-five years old, and they had filed through that dining-room alphabetically—the A's, the B's, the C's, the X's, and the Z's—since she came, in short dresses, to Cesarea, when her father gave up his New York parish for the chair of theology. It occurred to Bayard that she might have ceased to find either the genus or the species theologus of thrilling personal interest, by this time.

III.

Emanuel Bayard and Helen Carruth walked together beneath the ancient trees that formed the great cross upon the Seminary green.

They were not lovers, these two ; hardly friends, at least in the name of the thing ; she was not an accessible girl, and he was a preoccupied man. They walked without agitation, and talked without sentiment. Truth to tell, their talk was serious, above their years, and beyond their relation.

The fact was that Emanuel Bayard had that spring with difficulty received his license to preach. There was a flaw in his theology. The circumstance was momentous to him.

"I understand," she said in her deep, rich, almost boyish voice, "I understand it all perfectly. You wouldn't say you did, when you didn't."

"How could I ?" interrupted Bayard.

"You couldn't, and so they stirred up that fuss."

"You are good to put it in that way, but what right have I to take it in that way ?" urged Bayard wistfully. "The other fellows are just as good men as I ; better, most of them. Fenton passed all right, and the rest."

"Good-night," she said in a lower tone ; and then more gently, "and good-bye."

With sudden hunger for solitude, he went to his room.

Almost alone among the men of his class, he found himself, at the end of his preparatory education, undesired and unsummoned by the churches to fill a pulpit of them all.

He had done his share, like the rest, of that preliminary preaching which decides the future of a man in his profession ; but he stood, on the eve of his graduation, among his mates, marked and quivering,—this sensitive fellow,—that most miserable of all educated, restless, and wretched young men with whom our land abounds, "a minister without a call."

He had said nothing to Helen Carruth about this. A man does not tell a woman such things until he has to.

Something in his face struck the students quiet after a while, and they dropped away from the room. His friend Fenton made the move.

"It is said," he whispered to Tompkinton, as they clattered down the dusty stairs of Galilee Hall, "that his trouble with that New Hampshire Council has followed him. It is said that his license did not come easily. It has got abroad that he is not sound. Nothing could be more unfortunate—or more unnecessary," added Fenton in his too cheerful voice. There had been no doubt of his theology. He had received three calls. As yet he had accepted none. He expected to be married in the fall, and looked for a larger salary.

Suddenly he stopped and clapped his hands to his head.

"Bayard !" he called loudly. "Bayard, come to the window a minute !"

The outline of Bayard's fine head appeared faintly in the third story window, against the background of his unlighted room. The moon was so bright that his face seemed to be a white flame, as he looked own on his classmates from that height.

"I brought up your mail," said Fenton, "and forgot to tell you. You'll find a letter lying on your table behind the third volume of Dean Alford. You keep your room so dark I was afraid you mightn't see it."

Bayard thanked him, and groped for the letter ; but he did not light the lamp to read it ; he sat on in the moonlit room, alone and still. His heart was hot within him as he remembered how the students talked. That vision which sets a man apart from his fellows, and thus makes him miserable or blessed, or both, beckoned to him with distant, shining finger. His face fell into his hands.

Great God! what did it mean to take upon one's self that sacred Name in which a Christian preacher stands before his fellow-men? What had common pettiness or envy, narrow fear or little weakness, to do with the soul of a teacher of holiness? How easy to quibble and evade, and fall into rank! How hard to stand apart, to look the cannon in the eye, alone!

It is not easy for men of the world, of ordinary business, pleasure, politics, and those professions whose standards are pliable, to understand the noble civil war between the nature and the position of a man like Bayard; and yet it might be worth while to try.

Bayard had not moved nor lifted his face from his hands, when a step which he recognized heavily struck and slowly mounted the lower flight of the old stairs of Galilee Hall. It was his uncle, Trustee of Cesarea Seminary, and of the faith of its founders, returning from the home of the Professor of Hebrew, where he had been entertained on Anniversary week.

Bayard sighed, and groped for a match. This interview could not be evaded, but he winced away from it in every nerve. It is easier to face the obloquy of the world than the frown of the man or woman who has brought us up.

Hermon Worcester was bitterly mortified that Emanuel had received no "call." He had not said so yet, but his nephew knew that this well-bred reserve had reached its last breath. As Bayard struck the light, he perceived the forgotten letter in his hand, and, perhaps thinking to defer a painful scene for a moment, said, "Your pardon, uncle," and tore the envelope.

The letter contained a formal and unanimous call from the seaside parish whose vacant pulpit he had been supplying for six weeks, to become their pastor.

. . . . . .

"Helen! Helen!"

The mild, cultivated whine of the Professor's wife complained through the hot house.

Helen ran in dutiful response. It was late, and the Anniversary guests had scattered to their rooms. The girl was partly undressed for the night, and stood in her doorway gathering her cashmere wrapper about her tall, rich form. Mrs. Carruth looked through the half-open door of her own room.

"I cannot get your father out of his study, Helen," she urged, plaintively. "He has one of his headaches at the base of the brain—and those extra Faculty meetings before him this week, with all the rest. Do go down and see if you can't send him up to bed."

Helen buttoned her white gown to the throat, and ran softly downstairs to the study. The Professor of Theology sat at his study table with a knot between his eyes. A pile of catalogues lay before him; he was jotting down statistics with his gold pencil on old-fashioned foolscap paper. He pushed the paper aside when he saw his daughter, and held out his hand to her, smiling. She went straight to him as if she had been a little girl, and knelt beside him, crossing her hands on his knee. He put his arm around her; his stern face relaxed.

"You are to put the entire system of theology away and come to bed, papa," she said, with her sweet imperiousness. "Mother says you have a headache at the base of something. It is pretty late—and it worries her. What are you doing? Counting theologues? Counting theologues! At your time of life! As if you couldn't find anything better to do! What is this?" She caught up a stray slip of paper. "'Deaf—deaf as an adder: 10. Blind—stone-blind: 6.' What in the name of—Anniversary week does that mean?"

"That is a personal memorandum," said the Professor, flushing. "Tear it up, Helen."

"I know," said Helen, nodding. "It's a private classification of theologues. Which does it catalogue, their theology or their intellects? Come, papa!"

"I'll never tell you!" laughed the Professor, shutting his thin, scholarly lips. And he never did. But the laugh had gained the point, as she intended. He took his German student lamp and started upstairs. Helen walked through the long, dim hall with her two hands clasped lovingly upon his arm.

He kissed his daughter tenderly, and went upstairs with the weary tread of a professional man at the end of a long day's work.

Helen went to her own room and shut the door. But she did not light the candles. She sat down at her open window, in the hot, night wind. She leaned her cheek against her bare arm, from which the loose sleeve fell away. The elms were in such rich leaf that she could see the Seminary buildings only in broken outline now.

But there was wind enough to lift and toss the branches, and through one of the rifts in the green wall she noticed that a light was burning in the third-story north-west corner of Galilee Hall.

It was past midnight before she went to bed. As she closed her blinds, for the first time in her life, the Professor's daughter did deliberately, and of self-acknowledged intention, stoop to take a look at the window of a student.

"His light is still burning," she thought. "What can be the matter ?"

Then she flushed red with a beautiful self-rebuke, and fled to her white pillow.

IV.

"Stand off there ! Who are you ?"

This candid remark was addressed by a fisherman in blue flannel shirt-sleeves to a gentleman in afternoon dress. It was in the month of September, and the fleets were busy in and off the harbour of the fishing-town. The autumn trips were well under sail, and the docks and streets of Windover buzzed and reeled with crews just anchored or about to weigh. At the juncture of the principal business avenue of the town with its principal nautical street—from a date passing the memory of living citizens irreverently named Angel Alley—a fight was in brisk progress. This was so common an incident in that part of the town that the residents had paid little attention to it. But the stranger, being a stranger, had paused and asked for a policeman.

The bystanders stared.

"There ain't none nigher'n the station," replied a girl who was watching the fight with evident relish. She wore a pert sailor hat of soiled white straw, set on one side of her head, and carried her hands in the pockets of a crumpled tan-coloured reefer. Her eyes were handsome and bold. The crowd jostled her freely, which did not seem to trouble her. "There's a fellow just arrested," she explained cheerfully, "for smashing his wife with a coal-hod ; they're busy with him down to the station. He fit all the way over. It took four cops to hold him. Most the folks are gone over there to see the other game. This fun here won't be spoiled just yet awhile."

Something in the expression with which the gentleman regarded her attracted the girl's attention. She took her hands out of her pockets, and scanned him with a dull surprise ; then, with a motion which one could not call abashed, but which fell short of her previous ease of manner, she turned her back and walked a little away towards the edge of the crowd.

The fight was at its hottest. Two men, an Italian labourer and an American fisherman, were somewhat seriously belabouring each other, to their own undisguised satisfaction and the acclamation of the bystanders. Both were evidently more or less drunk. An open grogshop gaped behind them. Similar places of entertainment, with others less easily described, lined both sides of Angel Alley, multiplying fruitfully, till the wharves joined their grimy hands and barred the way to this black fertility.

It was a windy day ; the breeze was rising, and the unseen sea could be heard moaning beyond.

Just as the stranger, with the indiscretion of youth and inexperience, was about to step into the ring and try to stop the row, a child pushed through the crowd. It was a boy ; a little fellow, barely four or five years old. He ducked under the elbows and between the legs of the spectators with an adroitness which proclaimed him the son of a sailor, and ran straight to the combatants, crying :

"Father ! Fa—ther ! Marm says to please to stop ! She says to ax you to please to stop, and come home wiv you' little boy !"

He ran between the two men, and put up his little dirty fingers upon his father's big, clenched hand ; he repeated piteously, "Father, fa—ther, fa—ther !"

But more than this the little fellow had not time to say. The father's dark, red face turned a sudden, ominous purple, and before any person of them all could stay him his brutal hand had turned upon the child.

Cries of shame and horror rose from the crowd ; a woman's shriek echoed from a window across the street, and the screams of the boy pierced the bedlam. The Italian, partly sobered, had slunk back.

"Stop him ! Part them ! Hold him, somebody ! He'll kill the child !" yelled the bystanders, and not a man of them stirred.

"Why, it's only a baby !" cried the girl in the reefer, running up. "He'll murder it ! Oh, if I was a man !" she raved, wringing her hands.

At that moment, before one could have lifted the eyelash to see how it fell, a well-aimed blow struck the brute beneath the ear. He fell.

Hands snatched the writhing child away; his mother's arms and screams received him; and over the fallen man a slight, tall figure was seen to tower. The stranger had thrown down his valise, and tossed off his silk hat. His delicate face was as white as a star. He quivered with holy rage. He had the attitude of the St. Michael in Guido's great picture. He had that scorn and all that beauty.

A geyser of oaths spurted from the prostrate ruffian. The stranger stooped, and pinned him skilfully until they ceased.

"Now," he said calmly, "get up. Get up, I say!" He released his clenched white hand from the other's grimy flesh.

"He'll thresh the life outen ye!" protested a voice from the increasing crowd. "You don't know Job Slip's well's we do. He'll make short work on ye, sir, if you darst let go him."

"No, he won't," replied the stranger quietly. "He respects a good blow when he feels it. He knows how it ought to be planted. He would do as much himself, if he saw a man killing his own child. Wouldn't you, Job Slip?"

He stepped back fearlessly and folded his arms. The rapidly sobering sot struggled to his feet, and instinctively squared off; looked at the gentleman blindly for a moment, then dropped his huge arms.

"Who are you?" he said.

He took one of the stranger's delicate hands in his black and bleeding palms, and critically examined it.

"That? Why, my woman's paw is stronger 'n' bigger 'n that!" contemptuously. "And you didn't overdo it neither. Pity! If you'd only made it manslaughter—why, I could ha' sent ye up on my antumortim deppysition."

"Oh, I knew better than that." Some one in the crowd brushed off the hat with the back of a dusty elbow, and handed it respectfully to the gentleman. The girl in the reefer picked up his valise.

"I've kep' my eye on it, for you," she said in a softened voice.

"Well," said Job Slip slowly, "I guess I'll keep my eye on him."

"Do!" answered the stranger heartily. "I wish you would. They don't fight where I'm going."

"Who be you, anyway?" demanded Job Slip with undisguised admiration. He had not made up his mind yet whether to spring at the other's throat, or to offer him a drink.

"I'm in too much of a hurry to tell you now," answered the gentleman quietly. "I've missed the most important engagement of my life—to save your child."

"He's goin' to his weddin'," muttered a voice behind him. The girl started the chorus of a song which he had never heard before, and was not anxious to hear again.

"You have a good voice," he said, turning. "You can put it to a better use than that."

She stared at him, but made him no reply. The crowd parted and scattered, and he came through into the main street.

"Sir! Sir!" called a woman's voice from a window over his head.

The young man looked up. The mother of the little boy held the child upon the window-sill for him to see.

"He hain't much hurt!" she cried. "I thought you'd like to know it. It's all along of you. God go with you, sir! God bless you, sir!"

He had put on his hat, but removed it at these words, and stood uncovered before the drunkard's wife. She could not know how much it meant to him—that day. Without looking back he strode up the street. The Italian ran out and watched him. Job Slip hesitated for a moment; then he did the same, following the young man with perplexed and sodden eyes. The Italian stood amiably beside his late antagonist. Both men had forgotten what they fought about, now. A little group from the vanishing crowd joined them. The mother in the window—a gaunt Madonna—shaded her eyes with her hand to see the departing figure of the unknown while she pressed the bruised and sobbing child against her breast. The stranger halted at the steps of the old First Church of Windover; then ran up lightly, and disappeared within the open doors.

"I'll be split and salted!" said a young man who had not been drinking, "if I don't believe that's the new parson come to town!"

(To be continued.)

JOHN WESLEY.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER, LL.D., L.H.D.,

Editor of "The Century Magazine."

Written for the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., June, 1903.

IN those clear, piercing, piteous eyes behold
The very soul that over England flamed!
Deep, pure, intense; consuming shame and ill;
Convicting men of sin; making faith live;
And—this the mightiest miracle of all—
Creating God again in human hearts.

What courage of the flesh and of the spirit!
How grim of wit, when wit alone might serve!
What wisdom his to know the boundless might
Of banded effort in a world like ours!
How meek, how self-forgetful, courteous, calm!—
A silent figure when men idly raged
In murderous anger; calm, too, in the storm—
Storm of the spirit, strangely imminent,
When spiritual lightnings struck men down
And brought, by violence, the sense of sin,
And violently oped the gates of peace.

O hear that voice, which rang from dawn to night,
In church and abbey whose most ancient walls
Not for a thousand years such accents knew!
On windy hilltops; by the roaring sea;
'Mid tombs, in marketplaces, prisons, fields;
'Mid clamour, vile attacks—or deep-awed hush,
Wherein celestial visitants drew near
And secret ministered to troubled souls!

Hear ye, O hear! that ceaseless-pleading voice,
Which storm, nor suffering, nor age could still—
Chief prophet-voice through nigh a century's span!
Now silvery as Zion's dove that mourns,
Now quelling as the archangel's judgment-trump,
And ever with a sound like that of old
Which, in the desert, shook the wandering tribes,
Or, round about storied Jerusalem,
Or by Gennesaret, or Jordan, spake
The words of life.

Let not that image fade
Ever, O God! from out the minds of men,
Of him Thy messenger and stainless priest,
In a brute, sodden, and unfaithful time,
Early and late, o'er land and sea, on-driven;
In youth, in eager manhood, age extreme—
Driven on for ever, back and forth the world,
By that divine, omnipotent desire—
The hunger and the passion for men's souls!

Ah, how he loved Christ's poor! No narrow thought
Dishumaned any soul from his emprise;
But his the prayer sincere that Heaven might send
Him chiefly to the humble; he would be,
Even as the Galileean, dedicate
Unto the ministry of lowliness:
That boon did Heaven mercifully grant;
And gladly was he heard; and rich the fruit;
While still the harvest ripens round the earth;
And many own the name once given in scorn;
And all revere the holy life he led,
Praise what he did for England, and the world.
And call that greatness which was once reproach,
Would we were worthy for his praise.

Dear God!
Thy servant never knew one selfish hour!
How are we shamed, who look upon a world
Ages afar from that true kingdom preached
Millenniums ago in Palestine!

Send us again, O Spirit of all Truth!
High messengers of dauntless faith and power
Like him whose memory this day we praise,
We cherish and we praise with burning hearts.
Let kindle, as before, from his bright torch,
Myriads of messengers aflame with Thee
To darkest places bearing light divine!
As did one soul, whom here I fain would sing,
For here in youth his gentle spirit took
New fire from Wesley's glow.
How oft have I,
A little child, hearkened my father's voice
Preaching the word in country homes remote,
Or wayside schools, where only two or three
Were gathered. Lo, again that voice I hear,
Like Wesley's, raised in those sweet, fervent hymns
Made sacred by how many saints of God
Who breathed their souls out on the well-loved tones.
Again I see those circling, eager faces;
I hear once more the solemn-urging words
That tell the things of God in simple phrase;
Again the deep-voiced, reverent prayer ascends,
Bringing to the still summer afternoon
A sense of the eternal. As he preached
He lived; unselfish, famelessly, heroic.
For even in mid-career, with life still full,
His was the glorious privilege and choice
Deliberately to give that life away
In succour of the suffering; for he knew
No rule but duty, no reward but Christ.

Increase Thy prophets, Lord! give strength to smite
Shame to the heart of luxury and sloth!
Give them the yearning after human souls

That burned in Wesley's breast! Through them, great God!
Teach poverty it may be rich in Thee;
Teach riches the true wealth of Thine own spirit.
To our loved land, Celestial Purity!
Bring back the meaning of those ancient words—
Not lost but soiled, and darkly disesteemed—
The ever sacred names of husband, wife,
And the great name of Love—whereon is built.
The temple of human happiness and hope!
Baptize with holy wrath Thy prophets, Lord!
By them purge from us this corruption foul
That seizes on our civic governments,
Crowns the corrupter in the sight of men,
And makes him maker of laws, and honour's source!

Help us, in memory of the sainted dead,
Help us, O Heaven! to frame a nobler state,
In nobler lives rededicate to Thee:—
Symbol and part of the large brotherhood
Of man and nations; one in one great love,
True love of God, which is the love of man,
In sacrifice and mutual service shown.

Let kindle, as before, O heavenly Light!
New messengers of righteousness, and hope,
And courage for our day! So shall the world
That ever, surely, climbs to Thy desire
Grow swifter toward Thy purpose and intent.

—*Christian Advocate.*

THE TYRANT GUEST.

Upon the threshold of my spirit's home
There stood a tiny form that softly knocked
And craved admission at the door fast-locked.
Its mien alluring, raiment white as foam,
In haste I drew the bolt and whispered, "Come."
But swift the warder, Conscience, entrance blocked
And thundered in mine ear, "Art thou, too, mocked?
It is a sin-form hideous as a gnome.
Gaze not, nor hearken." But no heed I gave,
The soft-voiced beauteous thing did enter in;
The shining mantle dropped, and soon the din
Of strife and passion rose. What now can save?
In its own home my spirit dwells, a slave
To that first evil and its brood of sin.

—*Erie.*

Science Notes.

The New Chemistry.

Just what shall be done with the newly-discovered radio-active substances is a problem that perplexes every thinking physicist. They refuse to fit into our established and harmonious chemical system; they even threaten to undermine the venerable atomic theory, which we have accepted unquestioned for well-nigh a century. The profound mathematical deductions of the modern school of English physicists, based upon the startling phenomena presented by the Roentgen and Becquerel rays, as well as by the emanations of radium and polonium, may compel us to change our notions of ultimate units to such an extent that the old-time atom may be compelled to give place to something infinitely smaller. The elements, once conceived to be simple forms of primordial matter, are boldly proclaimed to be minute astronomical systems of whirling units of matter. This seems more like scientific moonshine than sober thought; and yet the new doctrines are accepted by Lodge, Crookes, and by Lord Kelvin himself.

The abandonment of the atom, at first faintly advocated, is now seriously discussed. When it is considered that radium, despite its prodigious radio-activity, loses an inappreciable amount of its mass—an amount calculated by Becquerel to be one gramme in a billion years per square centimeter of surface—the enormity of the atom and its utter inadequacy to account for the phenomena presented become manifest. Radium does emanate particles of some kind—this much at least is certain. These particles cannot be atoms; for atoms are so large that the active substance would rapidly lose in weight. The necessity of abandoning the atomic theory was long ago discussed by Crookes. His study of the phenomena of the vacuum tube at high exhaustions had led him to formulate his "radiant matter" theory, for which he was compelled to bear not a little ridicule. To him it seemed that the luminous, electric, or mechanic phenomena of the vacuum tube could be accounted for only by assuming the existence of something much smaller than the atom—fragments of matter, ultra-atomic corpuscles, minute things very much lighter than atoms, and indeed, the foundation stones of which atoms are themselves composed. Prof. J. J. Thomson, Sir Norman Lockyer, and Lord Kelvin later adopted some of his views. The discovery of the radio-active substances has placed the radiant matter theory on a firmer footing.

If we must discard the atom, what are we to accept in its place? Two new conceptions have been found necessary—the "ion" as the unit of matter, the "electron" as the unit of force. The new chemistry holds that matter and force are different manifestations of the same thing. Inertia is the characteristic, indeed the indispensable, property of both matter and electricity. What could be simpler than to assume that the ultimate particles of each are one and the same? Prof. Fleming has declared that "we can no more have anything which can be called electricity apart from the corpuscles, than we can have momentum apart from matter." And Sir Oliver Lodge has given it as his opinion that the Dalton atom, which was once an axiomatic conception of chemistry, may consist of a certain number of electrons rapidly moving in orbits.

Vague though many ideas of the modern chemist must necessarily be when his science is passing through an important transition stage, still he has calculated with no little nicety the masses of ions and electrons. Sir Oliver Lodge puts it thus: If we imagine an ordinary-sized church to be an atom of hydrogen, the electrons constituting it will be represented by about 700 grains of sand, each the size of an ordinary full stop, rotating, according to Lord Kelvin, with inconceivable velocity. Crookes puts it still more graphically. The sun's diameter is about one and a half million kilometers, and that of the smallest planetoid about twenty-four kilometers. If an atom of hydrogen be magnified to the size of the sun, an electron will be about two-thirds the diameter of the planetoid.

If the electrons of all elements are exactly alike, or in other words, if there is but one matter, just as there is but one force, and if the elements be but the various manifestations of

that one matter, due to a different orbital arrangement of electrons, it would seem that we are fast returning to the conceptions of the middle-age alchemist. The transmutation of metals involves but the modification of the arrangement of electrons.

Many an old chemist looks askance at these modern views on matter. Few indeed venture to accept them without qualification. Of one thing at least we are certain—the atomic theory, if it is not a theory of the past, must be satisfactorily modified to account for the phenomena of radio-activity.—Scientific American.

The Wonders of Radium.

More astonishing discoveries than those made by Professor and Madame Curie, by Becquerel and other scientists, the world has not known for many a year. The Roentgen rays, which would pass through wood, leather, and other opaque substances, were the pioneers in this field, but now the clue thus given has been followed until new elements have been discovered, and science has to readjust theories which hitherto have been regarded as incontestable. When Peligot, in 1840, succeeded in extracting from pitchblende the new metal, to which Klaproth, its discoverer, gave the name of uranium, no one had any idea of all the qualities it possessed. It was recently discovered that it emitted rays very like the Roentgen rays, and that it formed part of many metals. In seeking to discover it in various substances, Professor Curie and his wife found that in many minerals which contained uranium, there was some unknown substance more active than uranium itself. They chose pitchblende to experiment upon. Separating it into minute portions, and analyzing them, they came upon an intensely radio-active substance, to which they gave the name of polonium, in honour of their Polish nationality; and another substance, almost as active, to which they gave the name of radium.

It was found that rays, having all the effects produced artificially by the Roentgen apparatus, were given out spontaneously by radium, and these were more powerful a hundred thousand times than those given out by uranium. Small quantities of radium were lent by the Curies to Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver D. Dodge, and other scientists, for purposes of experiment, and they are all puzzled and astonished at its qualities. By the light emitted from it, photographs can be taken as with the Roentgen rays, and the photographs show the bones in the hand, or the coins in a pocketbook. The rays also act on other substances, for when a piece of platinum was placed near the radium, in a dark room, the platinum immediately shone with a bright, greenish light. Its effects on the human body are also very marked. Sir William Crookes put a small quantity of radium in a brass cylinder, which he put in his pocket to take to a meeting of scientists. On his return, he found a blister on his side opposite the pocket in which he had carried the radium. Subsequently, not being sure that the radium had produced the blister, he touched his bare arm with the substance. A sore resulted, which took two weeks to heal, the mischief having penetrated the flesh so deeply.

The astonishing feature of radium is that in spite of its enormous activity, which is in the form of minute corpuscles thrown off at the speed of 120,000 miles a second, it does not appreciably diminish in substance. This suggests the possibility that, at last, the long-sought agent which will give light without heat, or combustion, has been found. The discoverers say, however, that radium is extremely rare. It takes enormous quantities of pitchblende to yield a minute quantity of radium. At present, a piece of radium a seventieth part of a grain in weight, costs two dollars; so that a pound, if it could be had, would be worth nearly a million dollars. Sir William Crookes closes his account of the metal by saying: "The phenomena of radium require us to recast many of our ideas of matter, electricity, and energy, and its discovery promises to realize what, for the last hundred years, have been but day-dreams of philosophy." — Christian Herald.

Thou fool, to seek companions in a crowd!
Into thy room! and there, upon thy knees,
Before thy bookshelves, humbly thank thy God
That thou hast friends like these!

—*Curtis Wager-Smith.*

Current Topics and Events.

HOW HE DOES GROW!

—The Chicago News.

Canada's Growing Time.

Never have the evidences of Canada's rapid development been more marked than during the current year. Canada is no longer doing business on a back street. She challenges the attention of the world. The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce in Montreal, in which the great centres and remotest dependencies of the Empire were so ably represented, have won a recognition of Canada's exhaustless resources and possibilities in the high places of the Empire. Lord Strathcona has again laid the Dominion under obligation by the renewed evidence of his energy in promoting its interests.

The visit, too, of many distinguished members of the British Parliament under the guidance of Dr. Lunn, the meetings of capitalists and actuaries in Toronto, the pleasant interchange of compliment in the joint banquet of the British and French admirals in Montreal, are all evidences of international friendship and good will.

Harper's Weekly for October 3rd contains a striking letter from a Pennsylvania correspondent. It calls attention to the fact that during the fiscal year 1903 the trade of Canada was considerably over $467,667,000, an increase of $43,750,000 over the previous year. Within seven years the trade of the Dominion has more than doubled. The Canadian exports are $37 per head, while those of the United States were but $18 per head. The total trade was $81 per head, that of the United States was $31 per head. In 1850 the United States, with a population of 23,000,000, had a total foreign trade of $320,000,000, while the Dominion to-day, with a population of less than 6,000,000, has a total foreign trade of $470,000,000. The writer well remarks:

"Canadians, generally, realize that a future as great as the present position of the United States is destined for their country, and they prefer to work out their destiny apart from the United States, yet in no way forgetting that they are bound by ties of blood and advantages which bind together, not only this continent, but the whole Anglo-Saxon peoples."

The grain and cattle exports from Montreal have gone up by leaps and bounds, whereas those from the American seaboard cities have relatively declined. The most striking forward step is the legislation providing for a new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway which will open up vast and fertile areas and lands rich with the products of the forest and the mine. Unfortunately the newspaper advocacy and criticism of this new transcontinental highway has been marked by partisan feeling. The calmer judgment of such an independent journal as The Monetary Times highly commends the enterprise as opening up new regions of our country, but questions its success as a grain carrying route. Our map will show the wide grain producing areas which it will penetrate and the extraordinary sweep of the isothermals in the great Mackenzie Basin.

MAP SHOWING
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY
The New Canadian Transcontinental Line
Also the Relative Positions
of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to the
Canadian Pacific Railway and the
Canadian Northern Railway.
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC
GRAND TRUNK
CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY
Winnipeg
Quebec
Ottawa
Chicago
HUDSON BAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
UNITED STATES
DOMINION OF CANADA
BRITISH COLUMBIA
ALBERTA
SASKATCHEWAN
MANITOBA
ONTARIO
QUEBEC
MACKENZIE
ATHABASCA
KEEWATIN
NEWFOUNDLAND
Gulf of St. Lawrence

Lynchers and Law-Breakers.

The lynching mania still continues in the States. It is by no means an uncommon thing to take up an American paper with an account of jail-breaking and lynching. Among the most harrowing of these was the recent horror in Wilmington, Del., the scene of the murder of Helen Bishop, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a Methodist Episcopal clergyman. In connection with this crime was revealed the highest and most basal side of human nature. The heart-broken father, when he learned that there was danger of a mob gathering and taking justice into its own hands, published a letter, pleading that a just trial be given the murderer of his child. "Let us not try to atone for one crime, no matter how hellish, by committing another," wrote the forbearing Christian father.

But the mob was not to be stayed. The criminal was taken from his cell and burned to death in the presence of a howling, infuriated crowd.

The Christian Advocate says that in the crowd that lynched this man, there were many as destitute of self-control as the negro they burned; that if the crimes of some of the foremost of them were revealed, it is possible that the negro, taking into account his origin and his opportunities, would not be the greatest criminal among them; that the mere onlookers were abettors of the crime. Lynchers are like wolves, harmless unless the pack assembles.

The Race Problem.

The race problem in its most aggravated form confronts the American people. For months their leading organs of opinion have been strongly denouncing the return to the methods of barbarism in many parts of the Republic. This is not a mere local symptom, but east and west, and north and south, the outrages on civilization have been perpetrated. The Mafia of Sicily and the Abruzzi have been rivalled by the feuds and murders of Kentucky. The protest of the nation against the Russian persecution of the Jews has been neutralized by the lawless violence with which mob law has been let loose.

The most hopeful feature is the widespread denunciation of the lead-

WHY NOT GIVE JUSTICE A SWIFTER TEAM?
—Rehse, in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

ing makers of opinion, from President Lincoln, Judge Brewster, and Governor Durbin to the leaders and cartoons of the daily press. It is felt that mob rule homicide has become a great national menace to the public. Like a tiger that has tasted blood, it grows by that on which it feeds. It is recognized that one cause of this outburst of savagery is the miscarriage of justice, the law's delay, the quirks and quibbles by which scoundrels sometimes escape. The impartial, inexorable, sure, and swift punishment which follows crime in Canada and Great Britain is the best preventive of lawless anarchy. Lynching negroes is only a symptom of a general condition. The plutocratic cyclist who 'leading citizens' are hung—nothing short of this will check the epidemic—we shall have negro-burning in a very few years on Cambridge Common and the Boston Public Garden."

The worst of it is that sometimes in horror at the crime which provokes these lynchings even ministers and "leading citizens" become the inciters of mob violence and negro-burning. Chief Justice Brewer rightly denounces as guilty of murder every one who aids or abets in such a crime.

It makes the best American blush with shame to read of special trains being run to bring spectators to witness a negro burning amid accompaniments to be paralleled only in darkest Dahomey. The country is

"THE PITY OF IT!"
—The Philadelphia Press.

hurls his "devil-waggon" over the highways in defiance of all restraints is but another manifestation of the same lawless spirit. The insubordination of young America in school and college, in the home, and even in the nursery, is still another evidence of a widespread tendency.

"This lynching epidemic," observes Prof. William James, of Harvard University, "is assuming the proportions of a profound national disease, spreading now like forest fire, and certain to become permanently endemic in every corner of our country, north and south, unless heroic remedies are swiftly adopted to stop it. There is nothing now in sight to check the spread of an epidemic far more virulent than the cholera, and unless many being aroused and the bloody and brutal hands of lynch law and mob rule which menace the life of the Republic must be paralyzed or fettered, or they will destroy the commonweal.

The New Economics.

A battle royal is now waging upon the vexed question of "free trade" and "preferential tariff" or "retaliation." The last has not a pleasant sound, but a preference to the colonies is something to which even the most hostile critics cannot well object. Why should Great Britain be debarred from granting the same privilege to her colonies that the United States grants to her separate commonwealths? It

may be urged that colonial conditions greatly vary; what might suit one dependency might not suit another. But so do the States of the Union greatly vary in their conditions and needs. What might favour manufacturing New England or Pennsylvania might not be so suitable to corn-growing Kansas or cotton-growing Mississippi. But the greatest good to the greatest number is the criterion of judgment. One section must forego immediate and local advantage for the sake of ultimate and general good. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have a good deal of educating to do in both the Mother Country and colonies, but it is quite conceivable that free trade axioms which were considered irrefragable fifty years ago may have been outgrown by the growth of empire. Instead of the world becoming free-trade, as Cobden hoped, it has, with the sole exception of the old mother of nations, become strongly protectionist. There are those who say, Let well enough alone; hold on to the principles and practice whereby Britain has become in so large degree the mart and workshop of the world. But it is alleged both trade and manufacture are drifting away, being captured by Germany, Belgium, France, and the United States. Britain has so long had the lion's share that anything less seems less than her due. The whole subject will at least bear careful scrutiny by a commission which will examine it in all its bearings.

UNCLE SAM'S BAD BOYS.

Uncle Sam—"Here, here, you boys, keep quiet! How do you expect me to draft these protests?"

—The Louisville Post.

American Literature and Canadian Patriotism.

A correspondent of the London Spectator believes that he sees among Canadians a growing tendency to regard the Old Country with sentiments less of affection than of half-kindly, half-contemptuous tolerance. The enthusiasm with which the patriotic selections of the Coldstream Guards were received everywhere makes one disinclined to see with the writer. Nevertheless, reluctant as we are to admit it, there is a certain percentage of Canadians of whom The Spectator's correspondent speaks truly.

And he undoubtedly speaks the truth when he asserts one of the chief sources of Canada's false impressions as to the decadence of England, to be found in the floods of American literature that are being poured into the country. You cannot raise a loyal people by feeding them on the tales of another nation's greatness. As a people read so are their thoughts. There is no conquering sword whose might can equal the pen. If you would Americanize a people bring them up on American ideas.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain should take notice of the danger that arises from this source, and should not hesitate to place British publications in a position to compete with their United States rivals.

The danger is not to our national independence of the United States. Nor with the increasing prosperity of Canada have we to fear the emigration of Canadians to that country. It is rather the danger to Canadian ideals, such as the preservation of the Sabbath. With the incoming of American capital the sanctity of God's day has more than once been threatened. Says one of our local papers:

"We are glad to have the help of Yankee energy and capital in developing Canada's resources, but only on condition that they aid in upbuilding Canadian character as well as in increasing the store of Canadian wealth.

The Promotion of Peace Principles.

A unique banquet was held recently in the dining-hall of the British House of Commons, when the International Arbitration Group of the French Chamber of Deputies was entertained by a hundred and fifty members of the British House of Commons. The organization of the French Arbitration group is the work of the dis-

"VIOLENCE MUST BE STOPPED."—ROOSEVELT.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

tinguished deputy and diplomat, Baron d'Estournelles. It is a non-partisan organization and in this connection Baron d'Estournelles has done an inestimable service toward the world's peace.

This meeting with the British members of Parliament was arranged for at the time of King Edward's visit to Paris.

Mr. Balfour said these peace ideals should not remain in the abstract, but should extend to the practical business life of the two nations. He said it was the deliberate intention of the two governments to place on a permanent basis some organization to prevent the causes of petty friction between them.

A Cynical Critic.

The recent death of William Ernest Henley removes a striking and strong, but not attractive, personality from English literature. He first came into note through the aid of Robert Louis Stevenson, who found him penniless in an Edinburgh hospital, and gave him aid and friendship. This was ill-requited by Henley's savage attack two years ago on Stevenson's memory on account of what he deemed the overadulation of that distinguished writer. Henley was a strenuous critic, but often crabbed in temper and sometimes savage in style. He owed whatever fame he attained, says a recent reviewer, to his attacks on other people. The rugged temper of the man is shown in his verse, of which the following is a characteristic example :

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll ;
I am the master of my fate ;
I am the captain of my soul.

How different this from the utterances of those truly heroic souls, the martyr Stephen and the apostle Paul !

The Balkan horror broods like a nightmare over south-eastern Europe. The Macedonian massacres continue with scarce a gleam of hope. The savage butchery of the Turk arouses the execration of Christendom. Unhappily the racial and religious hatreds of Greek, Bulgarian, Slav, and Turk but entangle the Gordian knot it would seem can yield only to the sword. The horrors of famine are added to those of rapine and murder. In a new sense we hear the man of Macedonia crying, "Come over and help us." The resources of civilization can surely abate this slaughter of men, women, and children, or the coming winter in the Balkans will be one of direful disaster.

HALT !
—Minneapolis Tribune.

Religious Intelligence.

LUCIFER AMONG THE ANTIQUE GHOSTS.

"It had given him peculiar satisfaction when he saw Mr. Perks in that ecclesiastical limbo known as the platform, moving amongst those antique ghosts. He found himself murmuring, 'How hast thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer!'"—Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

Revival.

The keynote in all our churches for the coming months is revival. For this great work the religious conferences, which have been held throughout the country, were a necessary preparation. The Scriptural order is thus: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." In all godly sincerity and earnestness the ministers and lay members have been uttering this prayer, and have been seeking the preparation of the heart, which cometh from God alone. And God, who is faithful to his promise, has not failed in any one of them. The divine benediction has rested upon these services in manifold degree, and the Church is looking confidently for the further fulfilment of the word of grace.

Missionary Advance.

The meeting of the Missionary Board in October marked the high tide of missionary receipts and grants in the history of our Church. The magnificent income of $330,347, being an increase of $23,918 on the previous year, is an indication that the Church is rising to a sense of her privilege and obligation in this regard. The Board asks for a total for next year of $350,000 in addition to a special thank-offering of $250,000, making a grand total of $600,000 for missions. This is a large aggregate, but divided among the million Methodists of the Dominion it is small.

The magnificent success of the Twentieth Century Fund shows what a generous-hearted people can do when a worthy object and a right incentive are set before them. It is not fanaticism to regard the unprecedented prosperity of the country, a prosperity shared by every citizen, as God's answer to the generous givings of the past and a ground for appeal for still larger response to the appeal sounding out for aid on every side. More men for our mission work, more churches, more Sunday-schools, is the watchword of the hour. No surer investment can be made than the generous equipment of our mission work, as has been shown by many striking examples.

But this is not all. The keynote of God's message to his people is a revival in every circuit and every home. For this the Church is praying and hoping and working. Already has been heard the sound of "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," already have been felt the first droppings of the showers of blessing.

Our Missionary Board contemplates a strong forward movement in the foreign field. It has arranged to send out a reinforcement of four new missionaries to the vast and promising field in West China and four more to our oldest foreign mission in Japan. This is by far the largest number it has ever sent out at any one time. This act of faith will, we are sure, receive the endorsation of the home churches. Great as is the need of missionary extension in our growing North-West, it is greater still in those vast centres of empire in the Far East. The act is in a sense a challenge to the home churches, and we are greatly mistaken if they will not gladly respond to it.

The tragical fate which has befallen our devoted missionary at Beren's River, the Rev. Mr. McLachlan, will awaken the commiseration of the entire Church. In the discharge of his duty he was conveying a party of Indian children, with two adult Indians, in his sail-boat over the wide reaches of Lake Winnipeg. In a severe storm the boat was wrecked and the entire party were drowned. It is by deeds of daring such as that of Mr. McLachlan that the foundations of Methodism are being laid in that great north land. Many others of our devoted missionaries take equal risks in travel, but happily seldom with such tragic consequences.

The second visit of Mark Guy Pearse to Canada has been a benediction to the Churches that were favoured with his ministrations. His wonderful expositions of Scripture, bringing new light and life from the Word of God, his genial optimism, his broad and democratic sympathies, were an inspiration to all who heard them. The narration of stories of Cornish Methodism, with their pathos, their quaint humour, their sometimes tragic interest, were all stamped with the unique genius of the man.

The Conference in Cornwall.

In old historic Cornwall, where Methodism may be called the established Church of the country, it was fitting that in this Bicentenary year the Wesleyan Conference should hold its sessions. The sessions this year were in every way progressive and successful.

One important matter for consideration was the project of Methodist Union.

The "Concerted Action" Committee made two suggestions. The first was to admit to the Wesleyan Conference as visitors two representatives of each of the other Methodist bodies, on the same terms on which representatives from Colonial and American Conferences are admitted. This was readily agreed to. On the second suggestion there was great difference of opinion. It was to appoint Wesleyan representatives to meet the representatives of the other Methodist bodies who are discussing projects of union, to ascertain with them what are the positions of the various bodies and the differences between them, and to consider

the possibility of union among all or any.

After much discussion the last clause was surrendered. A committee was agreed to with powers to consult and inquire as to the position and differences, omitting any definite suggestions of union. In all probability, when the differences are defined and set down they will be seen in their true proportions as very slight and involving nothing fundamental.

QUINTUS FABIUS CUNCTATOR.—DR. ALLEN WAITS FOR METHODIST UNION.

"It seemed to him the wisest course for them to wait a few years."—DR. THOMAS ALLEN.

Along the line of Foreign Missions it was determined to take a decisive step forward and increase the annual givings to a creditable amount. A series of conventions are to be held. A fresh effort is to be made to canvass the whole people in each circuit.

It was clear that some of the richer laymen were heart and soul in the matter. One of them offered the maintenance of six additional missionaries if another six could also be provided for by other donors, and another member of the Conference undertook the cost of another missionary.

This work is undertaken in addition to annual subscriptions, already large.

An important matter before the consideration of the Missionary Committee was that of the bankruptcy of the West Indies. Many years ago arrangements were made for the independence of the West Indian missions. But the project has broken down. The West Indian Mission is now hopelessly bankrupt, and owes over £60,000. There being no other alternative, the Conference is resolved to cancel its independence and contribute half the debt, provided the other half can be raised in the islands.

The affairs of the Book Room were keenly discussed. Dr. W. T. Davison was elected, by a large majority, to succeed the Rev. W. L. Watkinson as Connexional Editor. There is a feeling of general satisfaction over Dr. Davison's appointment. He is felt to be the one man for the place to which he is called.

Out of 142 candidates for the ministry 100 were accepted, and the importance of placing the untrained men in college as soon as possible was strongly urged.

A resolution of sympathy with the Passive Resisters was passed by a large majority. It was prefaced by the statement that the Conference did not thereby express any opinion as to the policy of passive resistance.

CARICATURE AS A FINE ART.

Humorous caricature as an art feature of modern journalism has long held place in the secular press. Our genial friend, J. W. Bengough, performed the "tour de force" of having a fresh cartoon in the daily paper every week-day for nearly three years, and is now employed on the British press to further the cause of preferential tariff for the colonies. Even the staid Wesleyan papers of England in reporting Conference proceedings indulged in humorous caricature. The Conference platform, it should be said, is a sacred spot where few mortals dare to tread except ex-presidents. At a public meeting Mr. R. W. Perks, from the vantage point of this official preserve, took occasion to denounce the Government Education Bill which the Rev. W. L. Watkinson and some of the officials favoured. The situation is shown in the accompanying cartoon, in which Mr. Perks' figure is the fallen Lucifer, and the others, ranging

from the right, are the ex-president, Bowman Stephenson, W. L. Watkinson, Dr. Riggs, Mr. Allen, and another whom we do not recognize. The opposition of Mr. Allen to immediate advance towards Methodist union is humorously depicted in our small cartoon. The military figure is supposed to represent the rank and file of the Conference who have some hope of reaching the presidency.

CARRYING THE MARSHAL'S BATON IN HIS KNAPSACK.

"He might hope to encourage some of his brethren in the ministry by affording an illustration of the truth of Napoleon's saying that every common soldier carried the marshal's baton in his knapsack."—THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

NEW "CONNEXIONAL EDITOR" OF BRITISH WESLEYANISM.

The election of Rev. Dr. William T. Davison as connexional editor of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church, is an item of news which deserves more than ordinary emphasis. He takes the place of honour and usefulness occupied for the past few years by the eloquent Rev. Dr. W. L. Watkinson, who has been forced by broken health into retirement. Dr. Davison is fifty-seven years of age, and for the past dozen years has been occupying with distinction the chair of theology in the Wesleyan College at Handsworth, Birmingham. For the previous ten years he was professor of Biblical literature in Richmond College, near London. He entered the pastorate in 1868, and in 1901 obtained the crowning honour of his denomination, the Presidency of the Conference. He visited this country in 1891, and was heard with delight and profit as one of the speakers at the Ecumenical Conference held in Washington in that year. He was also one of the speakers at the ensuing meeting of the same kind in London in 1901. As an exegete, a careful and well equipped theologian, in touch with his time in advanced scholarship, and an expert in regard to all the questions which modern Biblical inquiry has raised, Wesleyan Methodism has no man who is his superior. The rank which he occupies in the estimation of other denominations may be suggested by the fact that he is one of the contributors to that massive work, Hastings' "Bible Dictionary," the remarkable article on "The Psalms" being from his pen, as well as other contributions. He has written half a dozen volumes of sermons, theological studies, and ethical essays.

Some of the utterances of Dr. Davison may be profitably cited in order to show his views on certain controverted subjects. In his address in Washington, at the Ecumenical Conference, October 10th, 1891, he said:

It must be admitted that the higher criticism—including especially the historical and literary criticism of the Bible—is now rapidly advancing toward, if it has not already reached, the position of a science, with conclusions of a highly important and more or less certain kind, which all religious teachers are bound to know, to face, and frankly and fairly to handle. . . . These results reached within certain definite limits must not be ignored, still less must they be denied and anathematized by those who are unable or unwilling to study the evidence in support of them. . . . The Methodist Churches and all the Churches of Christ which reverence God's Word written and seek to make it the rule of faith and practice, will do well to beware of blindly and rashly setting their faces against the conclusions of truly scientific Biblical criticism. We must not pledge ourselves to what may soon prove be untenable positions, or dare to identify them with the

Christian faith. . . . Methodists, in common with all earnest evangelical Christians, will do well not to take up an ignorant and ill-considered attitude of suspicion toward men who study the Bible at least as carefully as the zealous and orthodox defender of traditional opinions.

The Progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At the last Ministerial Conference the Methodist Episcopal Church reported a total membership of 2,969,501. They have at the present time twenty-two theological institutions, fifty-one colleges and universities, fifty-two classical seminaries, and nine institutions exclusively for women, not including foreign mission-schools. In these institutions during the past year there were 51,606 students. The value of property devoted to education, together with the endowments, is about $40,000,000.

The first place in general Church work is given to the Missionary Society. The Methodist Episcopal Church has entered the fields of Africa, South America, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, China, Bulgaria, and India. Splendid work has also been done by the Church Extension Society and by the Board of Education, which has aided 11,709 students since its origin. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, during the thirty-three years of its existence, has raised and distributed above $6,250,000. The Woman's Home Missionary Society collects and expends about $350,000 annually. Through the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, the orphanages and orphan asylums, the hospitals established in many cities—through these and other means, the great Methodist denomination is making her work tell in the United States. The publishing interest of the Church is divided into two great institutions, one located in New York, the other in Cincinnati. The entire proceeds of this vast business are devoted to the support of worn-out ministers and ministers' widows and orphans.

Death of Rev. A. W. Nicolson.

In the death of the Rev. A. W. Nicolson, who passed unto his rest on June 28th, Methodism of the Maritime Provinces loses one of her veteran warriors. He was in his seventy-third year, and had given forty-seven years of his life to the ministry, active in both the pulpit and the press. Of Scotch parentage, he came to Canada about 1856 and entered the work of the Methodist Church of Eastern British America. As a minister his style was clear, pungent, incisive, and glowing. He was masterly in exposition, a thorough student of the New Testament, ever seeking to know and reveal the mind of the Master.

He was a member of the first General Conference Hymn-Book Committee, and for many years a member of the Board of Regents, the governing body of Mount Allison University. He was for six years the editor of The Wesleyan. Executive qualities marked him as eligible for the office of Book Steward, and to that department he was appointed in 1873. Under his vigorous administration the institution was removed from the dingy Argyle Street premises to a conspicuous site on Granville Street.

It was fitting that he who had done such manifold service to the Church on earth should pass unto his rest while her bells were ringing on the Sabbath morning.

Death of Dr. Brethour.

We regret to learn of the death of the Rev. Dr. Brethour, of Niagara Falls South, on October 3rd. Dr. Brethour gave forty-three years of his life to the service of the Methodist Church. He held such important appointments as Belleville, Windsor, Aylmer, Milton, Brantford, Burlington, Hamilton, Tillsonburg. In almost all of these he remained the full limit of time permissible, and left a grand record of successful work. He enjoyed all the honours which his Conference could give him, Financial Secretary, Journal Secretary, Chairman of District, seven times President of Conference, and six times delegate to the General Conference. He was for many years one of the most earnest, active and faithful of Canadian prohibition workers. During the successive temperance campaigns for the Scott Act, the Plebiscite, the Referendum, he was a wise counsellor and aggressive actor. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance, and Secretary of the General Conference Temperance Committee, and did grand work in both these relations. At the time of his lamented death he was President also of the Welland County Prohibition Association. Dr. Brethour was characterized by his sound judgment, his wise counsels, his evangelistic earnestness. His loss will be greatly felt.

Book Notices.

"Methodism in Canada: Its Work and Its Story." Being the Thirty-third Fernley Lecture. Delivered in Penzance, 31st July, 1903. By Alexander Sutherland, D.D. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 350.

It is a unique distinction that this famous lectureship for the current year should be assigned to a native-born Canadian. It is another illustration of that unification of the Empire which is going on in so many different ways. Dr. Sutherland had a difficult task assigned him. The story of Canadian Methodism is of such a complex nature and variety of detail that it would seem almost impossible to give it unity of interest. Yet this difficult task Dr. Sutherland has accomplished with remarkable success. The narrative has a remarkable dramatic unity and moves on to the grand climax of Methodist union like some stately epic.

The lecture, as given in the historic town of Penzance, occupied two hours in delivery, but as published in book form it makes three hundred and fifty large octavo pages. It speaks much for the enterprise of the Conference office that the book was on sale in Penzance the day the lecture was given. Dr. Sutherland in his own picturesque and graphic style describes the heroic pioneer days of Canadian Methodism, and the struggle for civil and religious liberty in which Dr. Egerton Ryerson took such a prominent part. The founding and development of Canadian missions is a chapter calculated to inspire hope and courage and foster largest faith. He describes also the successive unions, separations and reunions which have marked the history of Canadian Methodism, and concludes this noble volume with the words:

"Strife and division are things of the past that have almost entirely faded out of memory, and a new generation has come up to whom the distinctive names of the former time are unmeaning words. There is peace within our walls and prosperity within our palaces. Upon all our assemblies may the Shekinah evermore abide."

We have pleasure in reprinting a typical chapter in another part of this magazine.

"The Mysteries of Mithra." By Franz Cumont. Translated by Thos J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv.-239. Price, $1.50 net.

The first three centuries of the Christian era were marked by a strenuous conflict between Christianity and paganism for the possession of the earth. One striking feature of that conflict was the influx of Oriental religions to the heart of the Roman Empire. "In Tiberian defluxit Orontes," wrote the satirist Juvenal, and not the Orontes only, but the Nile and the Tigris. The worship of Isis and Mithra were favourite cults throughout the empire. As the faith in the old gods of Greece vanished, the fashion of the times, or a craving for a new faith, led to the adoption of new gods.

Dr. Cumont has presented the fullest study of which we are aware of one phase of this conflict. Mithraism, he says, was the rival of Christianity, and greatly resembled it.

The two adversaries discovered with amazement, but with no inkling of their origin, the similarities which united them; and they severally accused the Spirit of Deception of having endeavoured to caricature the sacredness of their religious rites.

No one has told the tale of its changing fortunes, and our imagination alone is left to picture the forgotten dramas that agitated the souls of the multitudes when they were called upon to choose between Ormadz and the Trinity. We know the result of the battle only: Mithraism was vanquished, as, without doubt, it should have been.

The evidences of the wide spread of Mithraism is seen by the remains of its monuments scattered throughout the confines of the entire Roman Empire, from the boundaries of Scotland to the farthermost confines of the Persian Empire, and from the mountains of Hungary and the Danube to the deserts of Numidia.

The resemblance of these rival faiths are thus described: Both religions placed a flood at the beginning of history; both assigned a primitive revelation as the source of their traditions; both believed in baptism; held Sunday sacred; and celebrated the

birth of their gods on Christmas Day; both practised the rites of communion; and both finally believed in the immortality of the soul, in a "last judgment," and in the resurrection of the dead.

But, despite their resemblances, there were marked differences which ultimately assured the vanquishment of Mithraism and the triumph of Christianity. The story is an intensely fascinating one, and its interest is heightened by the great number of illustrations of Mithraic monuments and art which the work contains. A special map showing the widespread dissemination of the Mithraic mysteries in the Roman Empire accompanies the volume.

The author presents some fifty illustrations of Mithraic art and symbolism, some of much artistic merit. It is curious that even in the catacombs of Rome traces of these mysteries of Mithra are to be found. An early example is described and figured on pages 214 and 218 of Withrow's "Catacombs" almost thirty years ago.

"Poems." By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-412.

The distinguished merit of these poems is shown by the fact that this volume has reached a twelfth edition, a fact which can be stated of comparatively few volumes of verse. These poems bear throughout the evidence of refined and cultured taste, a musical ear and delicate fancy. Many of them are founded upon incidents of history or travel, and recall pictures of some of the fairest scenes in Spain, Italy, Germany, and other storied lands. Classic myth furnishes the theme of others, and Eastern legend that of others. A number of stirring patriotic poems were written during the Russian war, still others are tender elegaic verse.

The technique of these volumes is faultless, their spirit breathes Christian faith and hope—an addition of permanent value to our English literature. We quote as an example of the flawless sonnet the following, the theme of which is treated more fully in longer poems:

Ulysses, sailing by the Sirens' isle,
Sealed first his comrades' ears, then bade them fast
Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
And to their ruin flatter them, the while
Their homeward bark was sailing swiftly past;
And thus the peril they behind them cast,
Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used:
No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear,
But ever, as he passed, sang high and clear
The blisses of the Gods, their holy joys,
And with diviner melody confused
And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.

"Types of Canadian Women and of Women Who Are or Have Been Connected with Canada." Edited by Henry James Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S.N.A. Vol. I. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. x-382. Price, $5.00 net.

That veteran Canadian litterateur, author of so many books on Canada and distinguished Canadians, has laid his country under fresh obligation by this handsomely illustrated volume on Canadian women. It represents an immense amount of labour, which has engrossed his time for four full years. The book is widely representative, beginning with her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, and includes the wives of the governors and distinguished statesmen and publicists of Canada, and persons famous in art, literature, and society. The half-tone portraits are exceedingly artistic and are printed on heavy plate paper. With each portrait is a short character sketch. It will be a surprise to many persons to find what widespread relations with all parts of the Empire ladies who were born or have lived in Canada have sustained. We purpose giving a fuller review of this important Canadian work in our next number.

"Witnesses of the Light." By Washington Gladden, author of "Social Salvation," "Who Wrote the Bible?" etc. Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 net. Postage extra.

Last spring the Noble Lectures at Harvard University were delivered by the Rev. Washington Gladden. As now published they form a series of popular biographical studies of six great historical figures,—Dante, the poet; Michel Angelo, the artist; Fichte, the philosopher; Victor Hugo, the man of letters; Wagner, the musician; and Ruskin, the preacher. The purpose

has been to present in a clear and vivid portraiture each of these great personalities, and to show how each one of them was, without always intending it, a witness to the Light of the World. None of them would have been the man he was, or could have done the work he did, but for the presence in his life of that Spirit whose incarnation was Jesus Christ. The volume is illustrated admirably with six portraits.

Dr. Gladden has a loyal following, but in addition to his regular audience, this volume will enjoy a wide reading, being written in a popular and pleasing vein.

"The Women of the Middle Kingdom." By R. L. McNabb, A.M. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 160. Price, 75 cents net.

The Gospel of Christ brings a special word of emancipation to woman. In all pagan or Moslem lands she is oppressed and degraded—considered either a toy or a slave. Christianity alone places her in her true sphere as man's equal and helpmate. Yet the elevation of woman is the supreme method for the elevation of the race. Hence the importance of the subject treated in this interesting volume. The strange practice of foot-binding alone is one that literally as well as morally cripples and handicaps the women of the so-called superior classes of the empire. The entire subject of the book is treated with full information and in an interesting and attractive way, and is accompanied by numerous illustrations.

"West Country Songs." By Mark Guy Pearse. London: Horace Marshall & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-131.

No one can listen to Mark Guy Pearse without feeling that he has the heart and soul of a poet. The tenderness of his stories, their glimpses of humour and pathos, are all evidences of the poetic soul. In this volume he has collected a number of his west country songs and ballads, legends and stories of his beloved Cornwall. Mr. Pearse is an artist, too, of remarkable skill, as those who have seen a sketch grow under his rapid pencil will bear witness. The book is freely illustrated with admirable half-tones, one from a sketch by Mr. Pearse himself, others by his daughter, Miss Mabelle Pearse. A group of poems describe the Cornish miner in foreign parts, in California, Australia, and the Klondike, the latter one of exquisite pathos. We have pleasure in quoting, on page 450, an example of Mr. Pearse's employment of humour for highest moral purpose.

A translation of Withrow's "Religious Progress of the Nineteenth Century," an extract of which we print in this number, is being made into Japanese by a native professor of English in one of the colleges in that country. The translator expresses high appreciation of the book and its adaptation to meet the need of the Japanese thought and inquiry.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We beg to call special attention to the serial story of Christian heroism which we begin in this number and which will run throughout the greater part of the year 1904. It is in our judgment the greatest work of the famous author of "The Gates Ajar.' It is inspired by the lofty ideals which mark all Mrs. Ward's writings. It is one of the most tremendous indictments of the traffic in the bodies and souls of men which is the greatest menace of modern civilization. It is one of absorbing interest, strong character-painting, and dramatic power.

The November and December numbers of this magazine will be sent free to new subscribers. Now is the best time to secure subscriptions. We have had a large increase during the year. Let us have a still larger one. A fine programme for the New Year is being prepared which will be announced in next number. In will contain strong papers on Canada, Canadian Methodism, and other subjects of general interest.

OUR CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

NOT only by lips of prophets with the word of the Lord aflame,
Not only by echo from heart to heart of the great Messiah's name,
Not only by vision of sages, bearers of gold and myrrh,
Was lifted the veil of the ages, with the breath of God astir;
But a star went wandering earthward, guiding the pilgrim feet
Where a loving God and sinful man in perfect childhood meet;
And there was the shepherd's vision of shining silvery wings,
And the song that should ring and echo until the whole world sings,

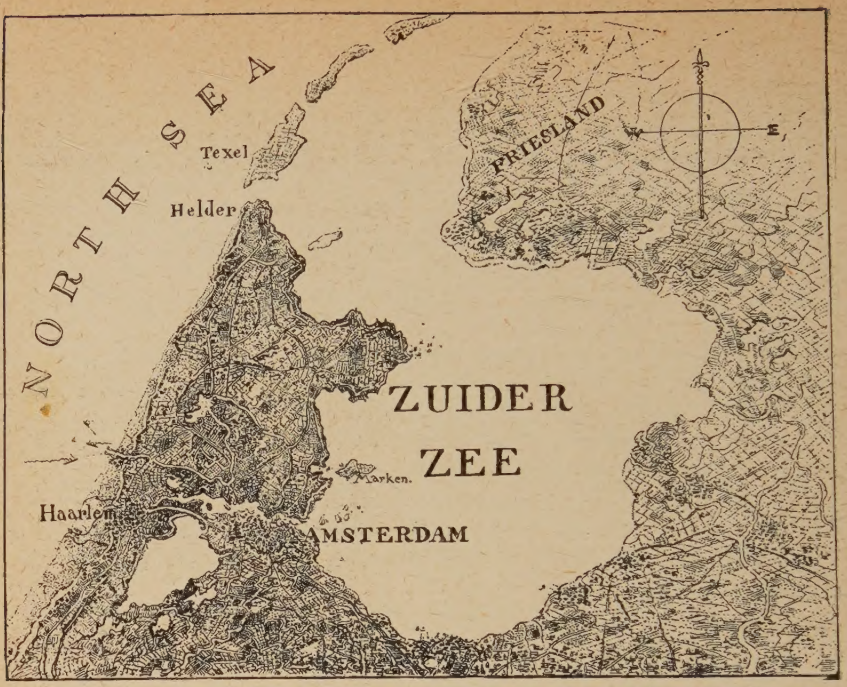
"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Hear it rise and fall again,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

There's a glimmer still in the darkness, a shining athwart the gloom;
There's a whisper of God in human souls, "Make for the Christ-King room."
There are hearts that faint for the tokens of His coming from afar,
And feet astray—for the hiding of Bethlehem's guiding star;
There are souls with gifts to bring Him—treasures of love unpriced;
They look for God, but see Him not in the tender and sweet Child-Christ,
The guiding star is shrouded in the ages' sorrow and wrong,
And the heavens have lost the chiming of the shining angels' song.

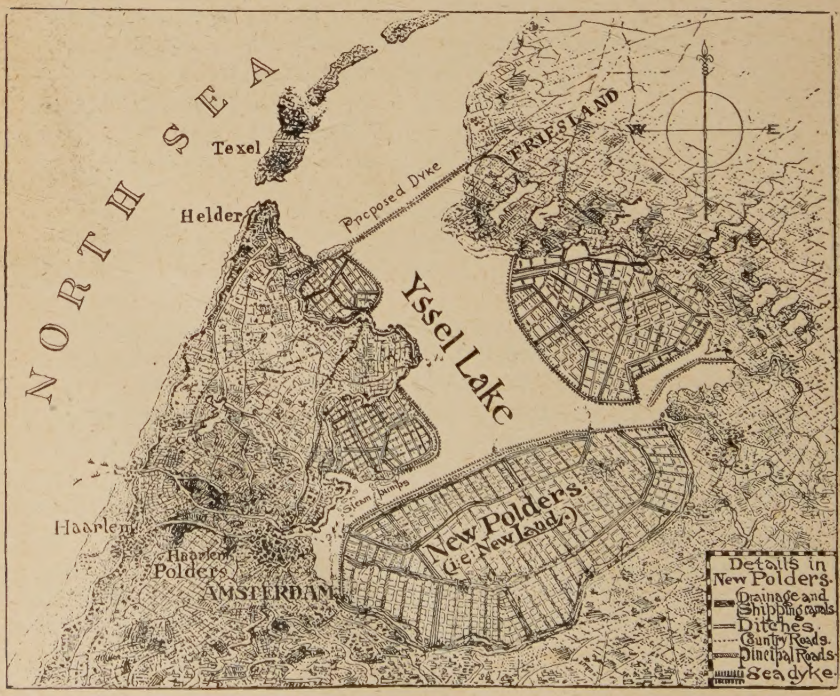
"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Shall it not be heard again?
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

There's a message out of the star-land. The voices that must ring
Are thine, that can echo the angels', and herald our Lord, the King.
With never a rush nor silence should the Christmas melody rise,
Till the heart of the lowest and saddest uplifts to the Bethlehem skies;
Till the sad world makes it ready—freed from its strife and sin,
Each heart a sacred temple—for the Christ-Child's entering in:
Till even the souls in prison are turned to the angels' chord,
And ye set the whole world singing of the coming of the Lord,

"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Raise the Christmas song again,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."



MAP OF THE ZUYDER ZEE—SHOWING THE AREA IT HAS MAINTAINED FOR THE LAST FIVE CENTURIES.



MAP OF THE PROPOSED RECLAMATION—SHOWING POLDERS (RECLAIMED LAND), THE INCLOSED YSSEL LAKE, AND THE GREAT DIKE SHUTTING OUT THE NORTH SEA.